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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—DELEGATES ENTERING THE EXPOSITION BUILDING.—DRAWN BY GRAHAM AND SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 363.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1884.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and* HARPER'S BAZAR *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders immediately. It is* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

A leading feature of the charming number published June 3 is a short story entitled

"UNCLE HIRAM'S BABY,"

by SHERWOOD RYSE. *It also contains, in the way of fiction, Part II. of* MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE'S *fascinating story for girls entitled "Our Little Dunce"; Chapter V. of the serial story "Left Behind"; and a humorous sketch by* ALLAN FORMAN, *entitled "General Santa Anna."*

"A Riding Club," by GUSTAV KOBBÉ, *describes the recent competition for prizes among the little folk at the Gentleman's Riding Club, New York, and "A Cage for Canary-Birds" provides amusing exercise for busy fingers.*

Among the artists represented are C. D. WELDON, H. L. BROWN, CULMER BARNES, JESSIE MCDERMOTT, *and* A. BERGHAUS.

"Moral Blindness" is another one of the series of humorous rhymes now in course of publication, written and illustrated by HOWARD PYLE.

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AT CHICAGO.

THE National Republican Convention will meet at Chicago as this paper is issued, and its meeting will close one of the most bitter preliminary controversies in the history of the party. The source of this feeling is to be found in the attempted despotism a few years since of certain illicit leaders, called bosses, because their leadership resulted not from intellectual or moral ascendency, but from a mercenary organization of place-holders. This attempted despotism, which culminated five and six years ago, and made its last desperate struggle in the Convention of 1880, produced two groups of opponents in the party—those who rejected altogether the despotic principle and methods, or what is known as machine politics, and those who held to the machine, but desired a different personal management of it. The first group, however, in rejecting a machine by no means repudiated organization, the value of which they perfectly understood, but their position was essentially distinct from that of the other group, with which, nevertheless, they acted in opposition to the common enemy, the then existing machine.

The downfall of the old machine, the passage of the reform bill, and the hearty adhesion to reform of many of the Half-Breeds would certainly have combined the Half-Breeds and Independents for the Presidential nomination, except for the candidate whom the larger number of Half-Breeds preferred. This number earnestly pressed Mr. BLAINE as the distinctive Half-Breed leader, and a Republican of whose career and abilities every Republican ought to be proud. They insisted, moreover, that it was disgraceful and intolerable to refuse the highest honors to the most eminent party leaders, and to offer them to those whose sole merit was their obscurity. Such a course, it was asserted, was degrading and dangerous to popular institutions, because it deliberately deterred able men from conspicuous public service. To remarks of this kind in the abstract there was no reply. But it has been urged, and with unanswerable force, that in politics expediency is always a legitimate consideration, and that as a cause and a party are infinitely more important than a man, the true application of the remarks was to be made in selecting among the conspicuous and experienced and able and acknowledged party leaders that one whose character and career were such as justly to promise both success at the polls and an administration in accord with the true spirit of the party. There might be a leader with a larger following in the party than any other who, for perfectly familiar reasons, would not be a strong candidate at the polls, and who therefore, for reasons of expediency, should not be selected.

During the preliminary canvass this position seems not to have been understood by the earnest friends of Mr. BLAINE. They have not considered sufficiently the reasons which have made Mr. BLAINE'S nomination in the judgment of many of the sincerest Republicans both undesirable and dangerous for the party. While the opposition has been pressed, those reasons having been clearly stated, have not been persistently repeated, because among party friends they ought to have been perfectly understood. But while it has been unnecessary to emphasize them during the preliminary canvass in the party, it has been evident that they would be the staple of the debate before the country should the nomination be made. Indeed, when one of the chief party journals in the country surrenders the election in advance, in the event of certain nominations, by saying that neither candidate would be a possible President, the gravity of the situation and its nature are at once apparent. The personal preferences of a voter, as of a journal, can be waived, but if the objection goes deeper, the difficulty becomes greater. It is a most important duty which the National Convention will discharge. Previous Conventions, in '60, '64, '68, '72, '76, and '80, have been wisely guided. May the same wisdom direct Republican action in '84!

A LATE RESOLUTION.

THE resolution adopted by the New York Assembly, just before its recent adjournment, censuring the correspondent of the New York *Times* for "his indiscriminate and unjustifiable attacks upon the character and motives" of members, and requesting the proprietor of the paper to send an impartial correspondent hereafter, does not seem to have excited the attention which it merits, because, possibly, it was regarded as of no importance. It is evident that the people of the State must have some other means of information as to the actual condition of affairs in the Legislature and the conduct of members than is supplied by the summary of legislative action. It is also evident that unless the action of every member be assumed by the correspondent to be honest, or if he comments unfavorably upon that action, it is very easy to accuse him of malicious misrepresentation of motives. Besides, many things are perfectly well known privately in Albany about the conduct and votes of members which do not appear in the official record, but which ought to be known, and which, therefore, somebody must take the responsibility of telling.

That there is often a great deal of corruption in legislation is in general no secret. But there would be a thousandfold more if it were known that no exposure would ever be made. An immense obstruction to legislative dishonesty is the consciousness that among correspondents and reporters and members there is a common knowledge, and that at any moment the truth may be told. If the press could be silenced, corruption might readily become intolerable. But it is very seldom that a correspondent charges corrupt motives. He may describe acts and votes as stupid and selfish, he may deride a member as wearing the collar of a boss, and he may assert in general an understanding and belief that money was used to control a vote. But he seldom says of an individual that he was bought, unless he knows it, nor always then, by any means. When notoriously unprincipled agents appear constantly upon the floor of the Assembly in intimate communication with members whose character does not lift them beyond suspicion, and the votes of such members favor the designs of such agents, it is a fair presumption that their motives are not pure.

The true remedy lies not in denunciatory legislation, but in cultivating character. There were plenty of gentlemen in both Houses whose motives could not have been impugned successfully, because their characters are their sure defense against all insinuation and assertion, against everything, indeed, but evidence. The penalty which doubtful and "shady" and tricky members must pay is the probability of the truth of the stories to which they object. It is thought to be a "Poor Richard" morality that honesty is the best policy. But in every degree and for every honorable purpose it is so. Thus there were some Assemblymen whose votes upon the Bureau of Elections Bill were very surprising, and are still inexplicable. But they are members to whom no improper motive would ever be ascribed if all the correspondents in Albany asserted it. Members, therefore, who are really desirous of a good reputation should sedulously cultivate a good character, and by no means trust to a resolution of rebuke to a correspondent.

THE DEMOCRATIC DRIFT.

THE Democratic drift is obviously toward the nomination of the proposed beneficiary of the cipher dispatches as a reform candidate for the Presidency. Such a nomination would be characteristic and illustrative of the sincerity of the Democratic cry of "reform in general." There is not a more signal representative of those arts of the politician, the correction of which is one of the great objects of reform, than Mr. TILDEN. There is not a more shameful chapter in our political history than the revelations concerning the cipher dispatches. "Reform in general," in the mouth of a politician, means, of course, merely "turning out the other fellers." But the words, nevertheless, have a real significance. They mean the general elevation and purification of politics; and the prospect of that elevation and purification by Democratic agency the nomination of Mr. TILDEN would invite the people of this country attentively to study. We do not agree with the opinion that he would be a strong candidate. The glamour of "reform" which surrounded his name in 1876, when he was unknown to the country, was effectually dispelled by the disclosures that followed the election. The Independent vote, which largely supported him in 1876, is now thoroughly alienated from him. He would get the "regular" Democratic vote—with that of the Tammany contingent doubtful—and he would get no more. He would be helped, as any Democratic candidate would be helped, by a Republican nomination which would repel both Independents and Independent Republicans, but that is all.

The sentimental aspect of the TILDEN campaign would be comical. The point of that would be the presentation of the Democratic party as the avenger of the outraged political conscience of the American people. But how was that conscience outraged? Not by the decision of the Electoral Commission, but by the wholesale fraud and intimidation of voters in the interest of Mr. TILDEN—a blow at the very heart of popular government. Moreover, if so monstrous a wrong was perpetrated by Congress in 1876, why was not the remedy sought by an appeal to the people in 1880? Simply because there was no general belief in any such wrong—because every patriotic and intelligent Democrat knows, with every such Republican, that, under the circumstances, no other course was patriotically possible than that which was taken. Undoubtedly, if Mr. TILDEN had not been very much wiser than many of his chief counsellors, he might have plunged the country into civil war. His conduct at the time we have always commended. But it was, of course, largely due to the fact that he knew that, in view of Southern intimidation of Republicans, he could not show an honestly clear title.

Not an additional vote would be cast for Mr. TILDEN for any such reason as that he was defrauded of the Presidency. That would be, indeed, the cry of the TILDEN campaign, and the reply to it would reopen the whole history of the Ku-Klux and of Democratic crime to suppress the Southern Republican vote. Such a campaign would certainly not harm the Republicans, who would not be sorry to see the effort to renew, under more favorable circumstances, the contest of 1876, which was the lowest ebb of Republican fortune. This final Democratic lurch toward Mr. TILDEN shows the condition of his party. It has evaded every declaration of policy. It represents no principle. It can agree upon no candidate who means anything. Its sole reliance is the hope of a fatal Republican error at Chicago. Should such an error be avoided, and a clean, upright, experienced, trusted, and well-known Republican statesman be nominated, there would be a Republican revival against which no Democratic candidate, especially the one associated with the cipher dispatches, could hope to stand.

"COLDNESS."

AMONG the signal humors of the preliminary canvass was the objection urged against the nomination of certain gentlemen, especially Mr. EDMUNDS, that they were "too cold." But that a cool and self-possessed temperament is a disadvantage to a President it would be hard to prove. Of all public men in our history the most illustrious was especially noted for what is now called "coldness." WASHINGTON was in no sense "a good fellow," or "magnetic," or "thick with the boys." He was not a man to slap on the knees or the shoulder, or to call familiarly "old fellow," or "Georgie." He was a grave, self-restrained, dignified, and self-respecting man, and was no worse a President for that reason. His successor, one of the great Americans, was ardent enough, certainly, but it was not his ardor that made his greatness.

The theory that a candidate is aided by "whooping up the boys" for him, as "Harry," or "Tom," or "Charlie," is amusing, but mistaken. The popular regard in which a man is held does not depend upon his personal temperament. The most popular man in the Democratic party is Mr. TILDEN, but he is hardly a "magnetic" or a "genial" personage. ANDREW JOHNSON was something of "a boy," but JAMES MADISON was not, and ABRAHAM LINCOLN was not a person to treat with undue familiarity. Indeed, the word "coldness," as applied to a public man by his opponents, generally means honesty and dignity and a profound contempt for the arts of buncombe, and these qualities do not repel the great multitude who support a candidate, because the great multitude never see him. Besides, the supposed advantages of "geniality" can always be secured for a candidate, since nothing is easier than to give him a nickname, and the more absurd it is—"Old Saddlebags," for instance, as applied to Mr. McDONALD—the more serviceable. But the importance of such considerations in a canvass is immensely exaggerated. It is not the personality of a candidate that arouses enthusiasm in a campaign; it is the principle and purpose of the campaign that invest their representative with glamour.

The two campaigns of popular enthusiasm were that of 1840 for HARRISON and that of 1856 for FREMONT. In both instances the man was a name; no-

thing more. He was the symbol of a cause and a purpose upon which a vast mass of citizens was intent; and nobody knew or cared whether General HARRISON or Colonel FREMONT was "genial" or "magnetic," or "hail fellow well met," or whether they were as "cold" as the pole. In direct personal association, indeed, temperament is a most powerful force, and to a politician a fortunate temperament is one of the most desirable gifts. But in a candidacy for national office it is unimportant if the essential qualities are not wanting. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was the most unfortunate man in temperament, so far as personal impression was concerned, of all eminent Americans. But it was not his "coldness" that prevented his re-election; it was his sturdy and scornful rectitude in refusing to prostitute the public patronage to his own advantage. Under the circumstances at that time the most "genial" and "magnetic" President, had he been equally inflexible, would have been defeated. It is no disadvantage to a Presidential candidate or to a President to be "cold" in the sense in which that word is generally used in politics.

AN OLD WAR HORSE.

IT is singular that the opportunities for satire which our familiar and accepted canons and practices of political life present have not been turned to more account in our literature. But Mr. W. H. McELROY, who four years ago made a capital essay in this promising field, has returned to it with humorous zest in the letter of "An Old War Horse to a Young Politician," in the June *Atlantic*. It sets forth with admirable precision the tricks and humbugs and solemn pretenses that distinguish ordinary political action. And if any reader thinks that it is caricatured, let him turn to the record of any national nominating Convention, and he will see that the author observes the sweet sobriety of truth.

Party platforms offer a most tempting target for the shaft of the good-natured satirist, and the Old War Horse instructs his nephew, the Young Politician, in the secret of their construction. He quotes the saying of an American statesman of a European poet, that he had nothing to say, but he said it splendidly, as the key to the deliverance known as a platform, which is designed to say nothing definite except in praise of the cardinal virtues, and of points upon which there is no difference of opinion, but upon all open questions to "straddle" as far as the English language will possibly permit.

The functions and the value of the inspectors of election and of the caucus are not forgotten by the Old War Horse. He tells his nephew what he told a foreign inquirer about our leading citizens, and his remark bites:

"During my term of observation it has been the rare exception when a leading citizen has been chosen an inspector. We put our leading citizens forward as managers of charity balls; their names appear as directors of banks, insurance companies, railroads, and the like; they sign letters requesting the local soprano to mention the evening when she will ravish their ears; they recommend dentifrices, soaps, bitters, cements, and new maps of the Holy Land from original surveys. But when it comes to choosing an inspector of elections, an official whose duty it is to see that the right of suffrage is rightly exercised—a right which is commonly spoken of by Americans as the corner-stone of the republic—leading citizens remain in the background, and led citizens, of unknown or questionable antecedents, come to the front. Funny, isn't it?"

But under all the light touch and gayety of the sketch there is a very serious suggestion of the fact that the initiation and shaping of political action in this country are largely in the hands of venal men. The situation is tolerated by the easy-going national good-nature until it becomes colossal robbery and the overthrow of every guarantee of liberty and honest government, as under the TWEED rule. And then some relief is attempted. It was obtained peaceably in the case of TWEED. But the next TWEED will have learned from his predecessor, and will try conclusions with force. The vivid portraiture of the Old War Horse will do more than amuse. It will make every sensible reader think.

THE ART SCHOLARSHIP FUNDS.

IT is unfortunate that the result of the HARPER art competition has not been what was hoped and anticipated. But as it was designed in good faith to promote art education, and as no prize could be awarded except by relaxing the standard, which would have been a betrayal of the purpose, it was necessary to abide by the deliberate and intelligent decision of the judges.

Fortunately, however, an opportunity has offered itself to render available for the general purpose the sum originally allotted by the Messrs. HARPER for the competition. About a year ago the late JULIUS HALLGARTEN placed in the hands of two trustees the sum of $5000, the interest of which is to be devoted to the assistance of deserving art students. The trustees decided to devote the income of this fund to the support of American students of art in the foreign schools, and have been taking the preliminary steps toward the establishment of a European art scholarship, but all definite action has been postponed until the time when the income shall have sufficiently increased to warrant the beginning of the experiment. The trustees of the HARPER fund have gladly joined the HALLGARTEN trustees to promote the common purpose, and a joint meeting of the trustees has resolved to combine the interest accruing from their respective funds for two years, the same to be applied to the sending of a deserving art student abroad; and that the method of choosing the jury to select the holder of the scholarship shall be by artists' suffrage.

It was decided that the competition for the first scholarship shall take place in December next; and it is hoped that since so sound a beginning for so excellent an object has now been made, the funds may be so increased as to warrant an annual competition and the constant maintenance at European schools of at least three students. The present trustees of the HALLGARTEN fund are Mr. FELIX ADLER, Mr. AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, Mr. J. C. BECKWITH, and Mr. T. W. DEWING, and the trustees of the HARPER art scholarship fund are Mr. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, Mr. F. D. MILLET, Mr. CHARLES PARSONS, Mr. FREDERICK S. CHURCH, and Mr. CHARLES W. TRUSLOW.

GENERAL GRANT AND JAMES D. FISH.

THERE has seldom been a more painful disclosure than that of the correspondence between General GRANT and JAMES D. FISH, not because it affects General GRANT'S honor, but because it is a public misfortune that a man of his peculiar distinction should be involved in any way in such lamentable transactions as those of GRANT & WARD. It is undoubtedly true that Mr. FISH was justified in inferring from General GRANT'S second letter, which was drafted by WARD, that there were government contracts, and that the alleged profits of GRANT & WARD were genuine. But General GRANT asserts that he did not "scrutinize" the letter, and "signed it on the assurance that it was only an ordinary letter in the course of business." That is to say, in effect, that he did not observe what he was signing.

As there were no contracts, and as the pretense of them by WARD was a swindle, if General GRANT, consciously and intentionally, had declared that there were contracts, and that the profits upon them were genuine, he would be the confederate of WARD. But this no man will believe. His own statement is the one which is intrinsically probable, and it will be so accepted by the country. He may have been incredibly careless and credulous. That, indeed, is the substance of his statement. But that makes him a victim, not a confederate.

It is precisely the emergency in which a man's personal character must be his defense, and whatever may be said of his judgment and sense of just responsibility, the public confidence in General GRANT'S personal integrity can not be shaken by surmise or implication or interpretation, or by anything except plain and conclusive proof, which has not been, and, as we do not doubt, can not be, produced.

A PUBLIC SLANDERER.

THE Second District of New York is unfortunate in having for its Representative in Congress a man who is not an American except by the fact of naturalization, and whose chief interests and sympathies lie in the politics of Great Britain. So long as such a person confines himself to rhetorical "twists of the tail" of the British lion, his performances in Congress, however humiliating they may be to honorable Americans, deserve no notice. But when he presumes to insult with contemptuous epithets a brave American naval officer who, after deeds of gallant heroism which have elicited the applause of other countries, is absent upon an expedition in which he risks his own life to save that of other men, this unworthy Representative deserves the burning rebuke which he received from men of both parties upon the floor of the House, amid the universal applause of the country as it read the record.

Unfortunately there is no rule, as there should be, that the official record shall be a faithful transcript of what is actually said. But it is to be hoped that the principals did not modify or soften the report in consideration of the age of the offender. No man is old enough to describe one of the bravest of Americans as a "dude" simply because the Government of another country sends him a token of honor for saving the lives of some of its citizens.

Mr. COX called the offender, in language not too strong, the licensed libertine of debate, and it might seem unfortunate that the House has no method of protecting the honor of brave officers of the navy and army by some official act of censure of their wanton defamers. But the moral castigation inflicted by fellow-members of the offender, and the hearty scorn of the country as expressed in this instance, will show such officers that republics are not ungrateful, and do not hear them slandered unmoved.

THE CASE OF MISS CARROLL.

MRS. ABBIE M. GARRETT, of Malden, Massachusetts, has written a warm appeal to the women of that State recalling the claims of Miss ANNA ELLA CARROLL for a recognition of her services during the war for the Union. Miss CARROLL is a descendant of CHARLES CARROLL, of Maryland, and her father was once Governor of the State. Her services began with the effort to hold Maryland to the Union. She wrote constantly, and distributed Union arguments of every kind, and was one of the most devoted friends of the good cause.

But the chief claim which Mrs. GARRETT and others urge on Miss CARROLL'S behalf is that early in the war, when some decisive movement upon the part of the Government was indispensable to prevent the hostile action of France and England by showing that it would succeed in the contest, Mrs. GARRETT alleges that it appears from miscellaneous document No. 58 of the House of Representatives for the second session of the Forty-fifth Congress that Miss CARROLL went to the West, saw that the proposed opening of the Mississippi could not succeed, and submitted a plan for an expedition up the Tennessee. But as she was a person out of the army, it was necessary to accept the plan without a signature. Miss CARROLL patriotically assented. The plan was adopted. It was successful; and when Congress sought to thank the author of the Tennessee campaign, it could not be done, because there was no record of the name of the author.

Why the name was concealed, if it were authentically known, does not appear, nor is it stated that the document mentioned recommended Congressional acknowledgment of the claim, although Mrs. GARRETT says that no action was taken upon a subsequent "dignified memorial" of Miss CARROLL. The assertion that she dissuaded the Government from its own plan, and submitted another which was successful, is so interesting that it ought to be determined beyond question. Meanwhile Mrs. GARRETT states that Miss CARROLL is very poor and neglected, and appeals for sympathy and aid.

PERSONAL.

FEW scientific books have met with a more popular reception than Mr. IGNATIUS DONNELLY'S *Atlantis*, published about two years ago by HARPER & BROTHERS. It has reached a sale in this country of more than twelve thousand copies, and the sales during the last six months were larger than they were during the six months previous. The work met with great success also in England; and as an illustration of the favorable impression which it made on thoughtful minds there, we are permitted to quote the following interesting letter which the author received from Mr. GLADSTONE, to whom a copy of the work had been sent:

10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, *March* 11, 1882.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you very much for your *Atlantis*, a copy of which you have been so kind as to present to me. Though much pressed by public affairs, I have contrived to read already an appreciable portion of it, with an interest which makes me very desirous to go through the whole.

I may not be able to accept all your propositions, but I am much disposed to believe in an Atlantis, and I think I can supply you with another case in which traditions have come down into the historic age from periods of time lying far away in the background of preceding ages.

HOMER unquestionably (I do not fear to say) believed in a sea-exit from the northern Adriatic, and imagined the north of Europe to be an expanse of water. And this, geology, I believe, assures us that it was, but not within what we have heretofore received as the limit of the memory of man.

Three or four years ago the Duke of Argyll was at Venice, and saw on a fish stall a fish which he was familiar with on the west coast of Scotland, but which is unknown in the Mediterranean generally. And on further examination he found that that corner of the Adriatic corresponded as to local fish in a high degree with the Atlantic. This is a curious and perhaps a significant fact.

I am, dear sir, your very faithful and obedient,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Ignatius Donnelly, Esq., U.S.A.

—A young merchant, who had a few thousand dollars to spare, called upon a college friend who was a broker in Wall Street. "What do you advise me to do?" he asked. "I'll tell you, Fred," replied the broker, confidentially; "there's a tailor's shop in a basement round the corner. Now you skip down there, get your pockets sewed up, and leave Wall Street as fast as you can."

—Mr. THOMAS B. CONNERY, for many years managing editor of the *Herald*, has become editor-in-chief of *Truth*, and *Truth* is to be congratulated thereon. Those who know Mr. CONNERY'S ability, enterprise, and personal character will agree with us that his reentrance into editorial work is a good thing for American journalism.

—Some excellent photographs, recently taken, of the principal yachts in these waters, have awakened considerable interest in the breasts of our marine painters. The time required for each reproduction was one-sixtieth of a second, and although the yachts in many cases were sailing fast, with all canvas set, there is no trace of blur in the photographs. The water, it must be confessed, looks more like water than does the water of the average marine painting. The science of photographing in colors, however, seems to be a pseudo one. The engraver at Versailles who recently claimed to have discovered it anew has been shown up as a fraud. His process was not photography, but a secret method of coloring the paper upon which the negative was printed. It thus differed not essentially from several well-known processes whose owners make no mystery of them.

—Centuries ago the Livery Companies of London were composed exclusively of influential members of the trades whose name the companies bear, and were so strong as to be practically dominant. To-day the companies do nothing for the trades, but hold and spend the funds that have long been in their possession. The number of members is about 8000, and they are trying to prevent an inquiry into their proceedings and a re-appropriation of their funds. The reform feeling is opposed to the Livery Companies, which have no parallel in any other city of the world.

—Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY is filled with alarm about the masses of the people, and declares that unless some method of winning them over to a pure life can be discovered, their future will be terrible. If they are to be won over, they must be dealt with kindly and faithfully.

—In the city of Glasgow, with its half-million of population, forty-one families out of every hundred live in a single room, and a large number of these families have a father, mother, six or seven children, and several lodgers.

—Gregorian music, says a late writer, has stood the test of centuries, and instead of wearying of it by constant repetition, as we do of other music, we find that as the festivals and seasons of the Church's year come round they bring with them this sublime chant in all its freshness and grandeur.

—Three or four members of the British cabinet are believed to be strongly in favor of female suffrage. But they do not publicly say so.

—Miss COLENSO, daughter of the late bishop, declares that King CETYWAYO'S body has been carried off to be guarded from sacrilege, and that there is only one proper burial-place for CETYWAYO, namely, the Amahlabati Valley, where his ancestors, the old Zulu kings, have been buried for eight generations.

—The King of Abyssinia is about forty-five years old, of medium height, with large head, expressive eyes, and almost black skin. He wears a toga, and tries to look like CÆSAR as he sits on his throne, swaying to and fro, with a long sword on his right side.

—The Duke of Argyll laments that while no coast in the world is so rich in natural harbors as the west coast of Scotland, the fishermen often complain to him that the east coast is almost destitute of harbors, although an enormous amount of fishing is done there. They want his influence to build a small breakwater at Loch Bury.

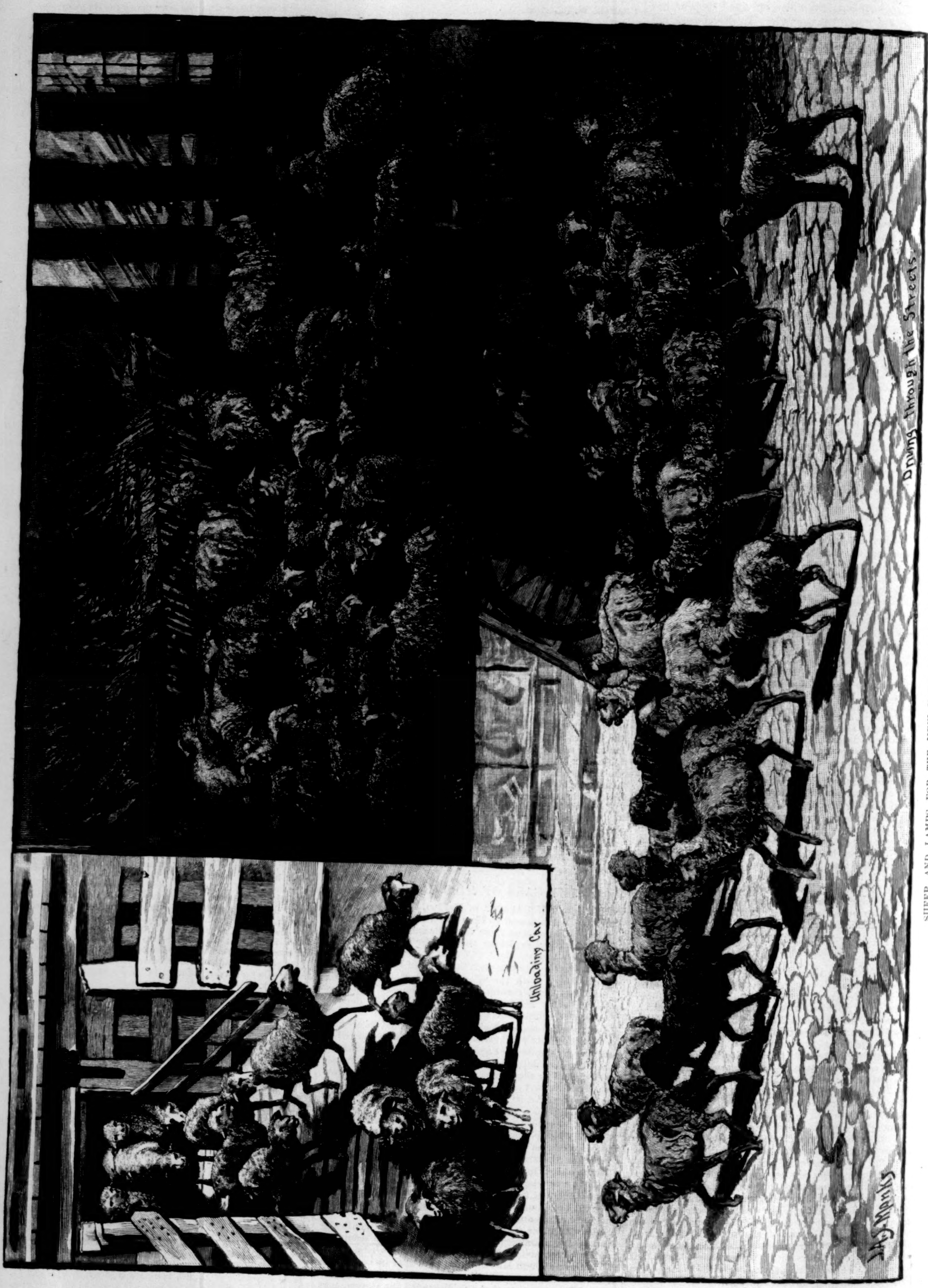
—A prisoner in Mauritius was recently flogged so violently that he died within a fortnight of cerebral congestion. The Governor of the island caused the law relative to the flogging of prisoners for prison offenses to be fundamentally changed. If flogging is done hereafter, a medical certificate concerning the prisoner's ability to endure it will first be obtained.

—Madame SEMBRICH sang in *Lucia* in London on the 14th of May. Her acting and singing in the contract scene were fine (says the *Daily News*), but, as usual, the climax was obtained in the final scene of delirium, "where the alternation of tenderness and frenzy, the fitful snatches of remembered melodies, and the impulsive *tours de force* formed a series of admirable contrasts that called forth enthusiastic plaudits. It would seem as if Madame SEMBRICH had gained in vocal power and finish, and in the expression of emotional sentiment."

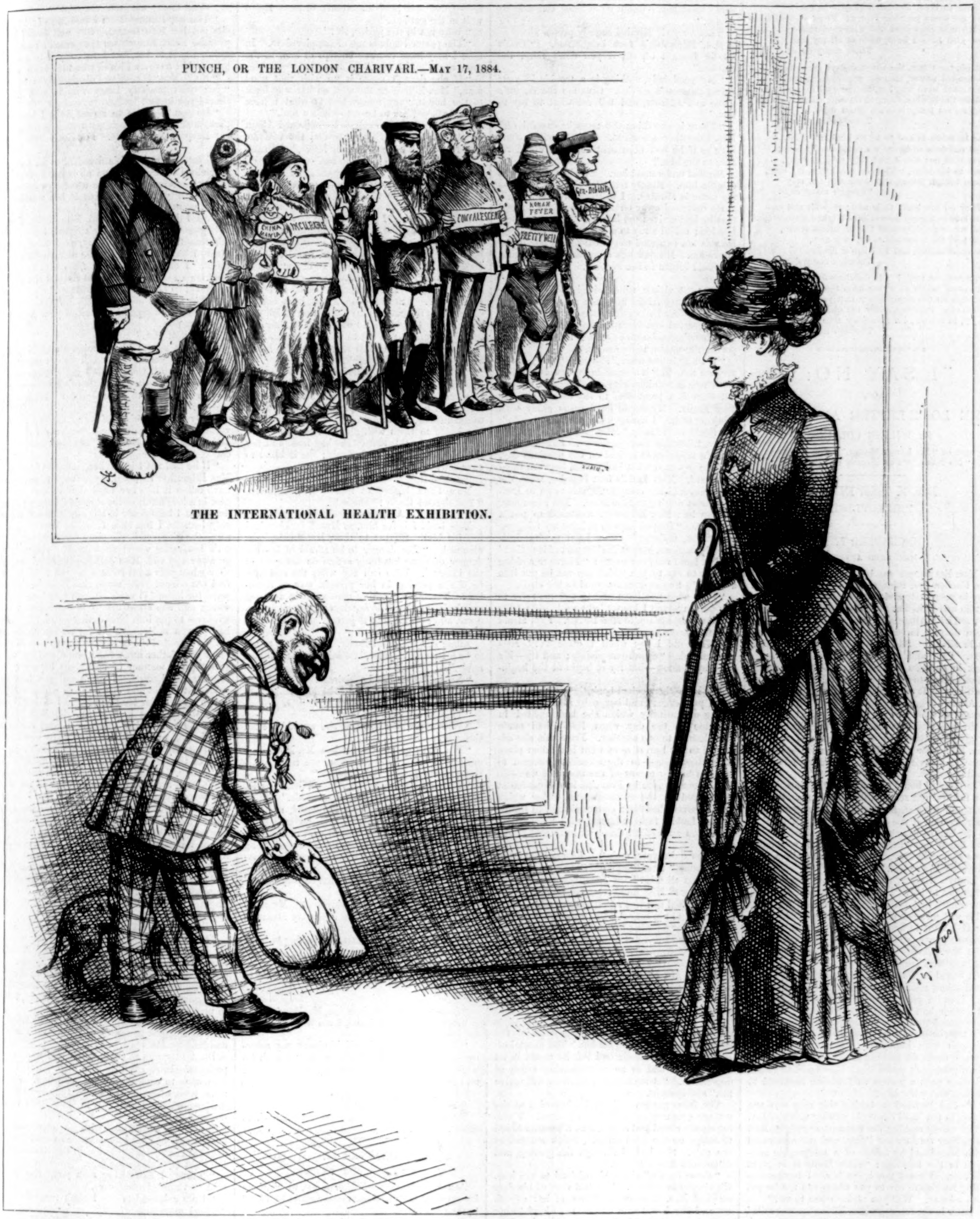
—Says a railroad officer: "If men are found to undertake the risk of guiding our trains, thus contributing by their energy and industry so much to the comfort, convenience, and pleasure of life, the least we can do is to give calmness to their nerves by letting them feel that, should an accident deprive them of life or of limb, those who are near and dear to them will not be neglected or forgotten by those whom they have so faithfully served."

—When President GRÉVY paid a return visit to the Prince of Wales at the Hôtel Bristol, Paris, the hour chosen by him was three o'clock in the afternoon.

—Mr. E. W. GOSSE, the well-known writer, is described as a critic whose knowledge of English literature is extremely wide and varied, while his enthusiasm for letters is keen and his style vivacious. In many fields of literature, especially in the poetry drama of the seventeenth century, he is a specialist. He has a good knowledge of modern literature generally—Scandinavian, Dutch, French, German. Although not a college man, he has just been appointed to the Cambridge lectureship in English literature.



SHEEP AND LAMBS FOR THE NEW YORK MARKET.—Drawn by J. A. S. Monks.—[See Page 361.]



MISS COLUMBIA. "Why don't you send your patients to the United States, Mr. Punch? The Old World has sent us worse cases, and they always recover!"

SMOKING DUTCHMEN.

THE love the Dutch have for tobacco is well known. Nearly every man one meets in the streets has a cigar in his mouth; nor, unhappily, is the habit confined to adults. Hundreds of juveniles are addicted to smoking, and they may be seen at almost any time enjoying "a weed" with all the *nonchalance* of grown-up men. Indeed, they often indulge in the habit in the company of their parents, who do not seem to attempt to discountenance a practice which in this country and in England has always been considered injurious to children, and the act itself, so far as they are concerned, highly unbecoming. It is amusing, but not agreeable, to be stopped in the street by an urchin four feet high, who exhibits the stump of a half-consumed cigar, and with unlimited assurance asks you for "*een beetje vuur*" (a little fire). Of course, unless you wish to be considered impolite, you must stoop to allow him to make use of the lighted end of your Havana, while all the time you may be doing great violence to your feelings.

The consumption of tobacco in Holland is enormous. There are some Dutchmen who smoke regularly from ten to twelve cigars each day. No wonder that in most of the streets the tobacconists' shops are neither few nor far between. In many of the principal offices smoking is going on all day, and tobacco would seem to be as much a necessity in the counting-house as pens, ink, and paper.

The lower orders in Holland often smoke cigars which cost less than a cent each. Some may even be purchased at the rate of five or six for two cents—not cigars made of brown paper and hay, or dried cabbage leaf, but real tobacco. The tobacco from which these are made is grown chiefly in the neighborhood of Utrecht.

It is stated that the plant was first cultivated in Holland in the year 1615.

THE NEW YORK SHEEP MARKET.

THE number of sheep and lambs that are brought to New York to be slaughtered and prepared for the market is immense. During the year 1882 over two millions were driven in, and a still larger number in 1883. In one week as many as 64,000 were received, and once on a single day over 23,000 reached the Union and Central stock yards. Of this multitude only a small percentage is shipped to Europe. They come from all parts of the country, arriving usually between eight in the evening and dawn of the next morning. After leaving the cars they are rested, watered, and fed before going to the butchers. In their passage through the streets they are easily driven by one man and a well-trained dog. The line of travel is changed every month to a different street, so as to make as little annoyance as possible to the people. They are handled easily, except in wet weather, when their natural aversion to stepping into water causes them to hold back.

JUNE.

These many days since I began to be
So dear to Love, and Love so dear to me,
How the sweet year has grown! From winter's tears
To spring's clear days and wildwood melody—
How glad have I been, spite of all my fears,
These many days!

But oh, the warm, the rose-red days are June's.
Its scented morns, its long green afternoons,
How good were they! while the glad honey-bees,
Rifling the flowers, thought evening came too soon;
And we sat lazily beneath green trees
Through many days.

The thrushes talked to us so loud and clear,
That our own whispers we could hardly hear;
They read our secret, and they said, one day,
Each to his mate, "They do not know, my dear,
These foolish lovers, that June will not stay
Through many days.

"They do not build their nest; they sit and coo
Like love-sick wood-doves all the bright days through."
And we laughed back at the impatient strain,
And told the same old story, ever new,
Ate strawberries, and told it o'er again
Through many days.

Oh, month of roses! Oh, delicious June!
All lovers' hearts with thee keep time and tune.
Through all the happy hours that yet shall be,
In sweetest sunshine, under the clear moon,
In joy, in sorrow, I'll remember thee
Through many days.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

THE COTTAGE.

CHAPTER L.

MISS LADD ADVISES.

Mrs. Ellmother sat by the dying embers of the kitchen fire, thinking over the events of the day in perplexity and distress.

She had waited at the cottage door for a friendly word with Alban after he had left Emily. The stern despair in his face warned her to let him go in silence. She had looked into the parlor next. Pale and cold, Emily lay on the sofa, sunk in helpless depression of body and mind. "Don't speak to me," she whispered; "I am quite worn out." It was but too plain that the view of Alban's conduct which she had already expressed was the view to which she had adhered at the interview between them. They had parted in grief—perhaps in anger—perhaps forever. Mrs. Ellmother lifted Emily in compassionate silence, and carried her upstairs, and waited by her until she slept.

In the still hours of the night the thoughts of the faithful old servant, dwelling for a while on past and present, advanced by slow degrees to consideration of the doubtful future. Measuring to the best of her ability the responsibility which had fallen upon her, she felt that it was more than she could bear, or ought to bear, alone. To whom could she look for help?

Emily's friends at the country house were strangers to her. Dr. Allday was near at hand, but Emily had forbidden her to send for him. "He will torment me with questions," she said, "and I want to keep my mind quiet, if I can." But one person was left to whose ever-ready kindness Mrs. Ellmother could appeal, and that person was Miss Ladd.

It would have been easy to ask the help of the good school-mistress in comforting and advising the favorite pupil whom she loved. But Mrs. Ellmother had another object in view: she was determined that the cold-blooded cruelty of Emily's treacherous friend should not be allowed to triumph with impunity. If an ignorant old woman could do nothing else, she could tell the plain truth, and could leave Miss Ladd to decide whether such a person as Francine deserved to remain under her care.

To feel justified in taking this step was one thing, to put it all clearly in writing was another. After vainly making the attempt overnight, Mrs. Ellmother tore up her letter, and communicated with Miss Ladd by means of a telegraphic message in the morning: "Miss Emily is in great distress. I must not leave her. I have something besides to say to you which can not be put into a letter. Will you please come to us?"

Later in the forenoon Mrs. Ellmother was called to the door by the arrival of a visitor. The personal appearance of the stranger impressed her favorably. He was a handsome little gentleman; his manners were winning, and his voice was singularly pleasant to hear.

"I have come from Mr. Wyvil's house in the country," he said; "and I bring a letter from his daughter. May I take the opportunity of asking if Miss Emily is well?"

"Far from it, sir, I am sorry to say. She is so poorly that she keeps her bed."

At this reply the visitor's face revealed such sincere sympathy and regret that Mrs. Ellmother was interested in him. She added a word more. "My mistress has had a hard trial to bear, sir. I hope there is no bad news for her in the young lady's letter?"

"On the contrary, there is news that she will be glad to hear: Miss Wyvil is coming here this evening. Will you excuse my asking if Miss Emily has had medical advice?"

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

"She won't hear of seeing the doctor, sir. He's a good friend of hers, and he lives close by. I am unfortunately alone in the house. If I could leave her, I would go at once and ask his advice."

"Let *me* go!" Mirabel eagerly proposed.

Mrs. Ellmother's face brightened. "That's kindly thought of, sir, if you don't mind the trouble."

"My good lady, nothing is a trouble in your young mistress's service. Give me the doctor's name and address, and tell me what to say to him."

"There is one thing you must be careful of," Mrs. Ellmother answered. "He mustn't come here as if he had been sent for; she would refuse to see him."

Mirabel understood her. "I will not forget to caution him. Kindly tell Miss Emily I called—my name is Mirabel. I will return to-morrow."

He hastened away on his errand, only to find that he had arrived too late. Dr. Allday had left London; called away to a serious case of illness. He was not expected to get back until late in the afternoon. Mirabel left a message, saying that he would return in the evening.

The next visitor who arrived at the cottage was the trusty friend in whose generous nature Mrs. Ellmother had wisely placed confidence. No self-interested consideration had interfered with Miss Ladd's resolution to answer the telegram in person the moment she read it.

"If there is bad news," she said, "don't try to prepare me. Tell it at once, in the fewest words."

"There is nothing that need alarm you, ma'am, but there is a great deal to say before you see Miss Emily. My stupid head turns giddy with thinking of it. I hardly know where to begin."

"Begin with Emily," Miss Ladd suggested.

Mrs. Ellmother took the advice. She described Emily's unexpected arrival on the previous day, and she repeated what had passed between them afterward. Miss Ladd's first impulse, when she had recovered her composure, was to go to Emily without waiting to hear more. Not presuming to stop her, Mrs. Ellmother ventured to put a question. "Do you happen to have my telegram about you, ma'am?" Miss Ladd produced it. "Will you please look at the last part of it again?"

Miss Ladd read the words: "I have something besides to say to you which can not be put into a letter." She at once returned to her chair.

"Does what you have still to tell me refer to any person whom I know?" she said.

"It refers, ma'am, to Miss De Sor. I am afraid I shall distress you."

"What did I say when I came in?" Miss Ladd asked. "Speak out plainly; and try—it's not easy, I know—but try to begin at the beginning."

Mrs. Ellmother looked back through her memory of past events, and began by alluding to the feeling of curiosity which she had excited in Francine on the day when Emily had made them known to one another. From this she advanced to the narrative of what had taken place at Netherwoods — to the atrocious attempt to frighten her by means of the image of wax—to the discovery made by Francine in the garden at night—and to the circumstances under which that discovery had been communicated to Emily.

Miss Ladd's face reddened with indignation. "Are you sure of all that you have said?" she asked.

"I am quite sure, ma'am. I hope I have not done wrong," Mrs. Ellmother added, simply, "in telling you all this?"

"Wrong?" Miss Ladd repeated, warmly. "If that wretched girl has no defense to offer, she is a disgrace to my school, and I owe you a debt of gratitude for showing her to me in her true character. She shall return at once to Netherwoods; and she shall answer me to my entire satisfaction, or leave my house. What cruelty! what duplicity! In all my experience of girls, I have never met with the like of it. Let me go to my dear little Emily, and try to forget what I have heard."

Mrs. Ellmother led the good lady to Emily's room, and returning to the lower part of the house, went out into the garden. The mental effort that she had made had left its result in an aching head and in an overpowering sense of depression. "A mouthful of fresh air will revive me," she thought.

The front garden and the back garden at the cottage communicated with each other. Walking slowly round and round, Mrs. Ellmother heard footsteps on the road outside, which stopped at the gate. She looked through the grating, and discovered Alban Morris.

"Come in, sir," she said, rejoiced to see him. He obeyed in silence. The full view of his face shocked Mrs. Ellmother. Never in her experience of the friend who had been so kind to her at Netherwoods had he looked so old and so haggard as he looked now. "Oh, Mr. Alban, I see how she has distressed you! Don't take her at her word. Keep a good heart, sir—young girls are never long together of the same mind."

Alban gave her his hand. "I mustn't speak about it," he said. "Silence helps me to bear my misfortune as becomes a man. I have had some hard blows in my time: they don't seem to have blunted my sense of feeling as I thought they had. Thank God, she doesn't know how she has made me suffer! I want to ask her pardon for having forgotten myself yesterday. I spoke roughly to her at one time. No, I won't intrude on her; I have said I am sorry in writing. Do you mind giving it to her? Good-by—and thank you. I mustn't stay longer; Miss Ladd expects me at Netherwoods."

"Miss Ladd is in the house, sir, at this moment."

"Here, in London!"

"Upstairs, with Miss Emily."

"Upstairs! Is Emily ill?"

"She is getting better, sir. Would you like to see Miss Ladd?"

"I should, indeed! I have something to say to her, and time is of importance to me. May I wait in the garden?"

"Why not in the parlor, sir?"

"The parlor reminds me of happier days. In time I may have courage enough to look at the room again. Not now."

"If she doesn't make it up with that good man," Mrs. Ellmother thought, on her way back to the house, "my nurse-child is what I have never believed her to be yet—she's a fool."

In half an hour more Miss Ladd joined Alban on the little plot of grass behind the cottage. "I bring Emily's reply to your letter," she said. "Read it before you speak to me."

Alban read it: "Don't suppose you have offended me, and be assured that I am grateful for the kind manner in which your note is written. I wish I could write as acceptably in return. It is not to be done. I am as unable as ever to enter into your motives. You are not my relation; you were under no obligation of secrecy; you heard me speak ignorantly of the murder of my father, as if it had been the murder of a stranger; and yet you kept me—deliberately, cruelly kept me—deceived! The remembrance of it burns me like fire. I can not—oh, Alban, I can not restore you to the place in my estimation which you have lost! If you wish to help me to bear my trouble, I entreat you not to write to me again."

Alban offered the letter silently to Miss Ladd. She signed to him to keep it.

"I know what Emily has written," she said; "and I have told her what I now tell you—she is wrong, in every way wrong. It is the misfortune of her impetuous nature that she rushes to conclusions, and those conclusions once formed, she holds to them with all the strength of her character. In this matter she has looked at her side of the question exclusively; she is blind to your side."

"Not willfully!" Alban interposed.

Miss Ladd looked at him with admiration. "You defend Emily?" she said.

"I love her," Alban answered.

Miss Ladd felt for him, as Mrs. Ellmother had felt for him. "Trust to time, Mr. Morris," she resumed. "The danger to be afraid of is—the danger of some headlong action on her part in the interval. Who can say what the end may be if she persists in her present way of thinking? There is something monstrous in a young girl declaring that it is *her* duty to pursue a murderer, and to bring him to justice! Don't you see it yourself?"

Alban still defended Emily. "It seems to me to be a natural impulse," he said—"natural and noble."

"Noble!" Miss Ladd exclaimed.

"Yes; for it grows out of the love which has not died with her father's death."

"Then you encourage her?"

"With my whole heart, if she would give me the opportunity!"

"We won't pursue the subject, Mr. Morris. I am told by Mrs. Ellmother that you have something to say to me. What is it?"

"I have to ask you," Alban replied, "to let me resign my situation at Netherwoods."

Miss Ladd was not only surprised, she was also—a very rare thing with her—inclined to be suspicious. After what he had said of Emily, it occurred to her that Alban might be meditating some desperate project, with the hope of recovering his lost place in her favor.

"Have you heard of some better employment?" she asked.

"I have heard of no employment. My mind is not in a state to give the necessary attention to my pupils."

"Is that your only reason for wishing to leave me?"

"It is one of my reasons."

"The only one which you think it necessary to mention?"

"Yes."

"I shall be sorry to lose you, Mr. Morris."

"Believe me, Miss Ladd, I am not ungrateful for your kindness."

"Will you let me, in all kindness, say something more?" Miss Ladd answered. "I don't intrude on your secrets; I only hope that you have no rash project in view."

"I don't understand you, Miss Ladd."

"Yes, Mr. Morris, you do."

She shook hands with him, and went back to Emily.

CHAPTER LI.

THE DOCTOR SEES.

Alban returned to Netherwoods, to continue his services until another master could be found to take his place.

By a later train Miss Ladd followed him. Emily was too well aware of the importance of the mistress's presence to the well-being of the school to permit her to remain at the cottage. It was understood that they were to correspond, and that Emily's room was waiting for her at Netherwoods whenever she felt inclined to occupy it.

Mrs. Ellmother made the tea that evening earlier than usual. Being alone again with Emily, it struck her that she might take advantage of her position to say a word in Alban's favor. She had chosen her time unfortunately. The moment she pronounced the name, Emily checked her by a look, and spoke of another person—that person being Miss Jethro.

Mrs. Ellmother at once entered her protest in her own downright way. "Whatever you do," she said, "don't go back to that. What does Miss Jethro matter to you?"

"I am more interested in her than you suppose; I happen to know why she left the school."

"Begging your pardon, miss, that's quite impossible."

"She left the school," Emily persisted, "for a serious reason. Miss Ladd discovered that she had used false references."

"Good Lord! who told you that?"

"You see I know it. I asked Miss Ladd how she got her information. She was bound by a promise never to mention the person's name. I didn't say it to her, but I may say it to you. I am afraid I have an idea of who the person was."

"No," Mrs. Ellmother obstinately asserted, "you can't possibly know who it was. How should you know?"

"Do you wish me to repeat what I heard in that room opposite when my aunt was dying?"

"Drop it, Miss Emily. For God's sake, drop it."

"I can't drop it. It's dreadful to me to have suspicions of my aunt, and no better reason for them than what she said in a state of delirium. Tell me, if you love me, was it her wandering fancy, or was it the truth?"

"As I hope to be saved, Miss Emily, I can only guess, as you do; I don't rightly know. My mistress trusted me half-way, as it were. I'm afraid I have a rough tongue of my own sometimes. I offended her, and from that time she kept her own counsel. What she did she did in the dark, so far as I was concerned."

"How did you offend her?"

"I shall be obliged to speak of your father if I tell you how."

"Speak of him."

"*He* was not to blame, mind that," Mrs. Ellmother said, earnestly. "If I wasn't certain of what I say now, you wouldn't get a word out of me. Good, harmless man, there's no denying it, he *was* in love with Miss Jethro! What's the matter?"

Emily was thinking of her memorable conversation with the disgraced teacher on her last night at school. "Nothing," she answered. "Go on."

"If he had not tried to keep it secret from us," Mrs. Ellmother resumed, "your aunt might never have taken it into her head that he was entangled in a love affair of the shameful sort. I don't deny that I helped her in her inquiries, but it was only because I felt sure from the first that the more she discovered, the more certainly my master's innocence would show itself. He used to go away and visit Miss Jethro privately. In the time when your aunt trusted me, we never could find out where. She made that discovery afterward for herself (I can't tell you how long afterward), and she spent money in employing mean wretches to pry into Miss Jethro's past life. She had (if you will excuse me for saying it) an old maid's hatred of the handsome young woman who lured your father away from home, and set up a secret (in a manner of speaking) between her brother and herself. I won't tell you how we looked at letters and other things which he forgot to leave under lock and key. I will only say there was one bit in a journal he kept which made me ashamed of myself. I read it out to Miss Letitia, and I told her, in so many words, not to count any more on me. No, I haven't got a copy of the words—I can remember them without a copy. 'Even if my religion did not forbid me to peril my soul by leading a life of sin with this woman whom I love'—that was how it began—'the thought of my daughter would keep me pure. No conduct of mine shall ever make me unworthy of my child's affection and respect.' There, I'm making you cry; I won't stay here any longer. All that I had to say has been said. Drop it—I say again, drop it! Nobody but Miss Ladd knows for certain whether your aunt was innocent or guilty in the matter of Miss Jethro's disgrace. Please to excuse me; my work's waiting down-stairs."

From time to time, as she pursued her domestic labors, Mrs. Ellmother thought of Mirabel. Hours on hours had passed, and the doctor had not appeared. Was he too busy even to spare a few minutes of his time? Or had the handsome little gentleman, after promising so fairly, failed to perform his errand?

Mrs. Ellmother's doubts had wronged Mirabel. He had engaged to return to the doctor's house, and he kept his word.

Dr. Allday was at home again, and was seeing patients. Introduced in his turn, Mirabel had no reason to complain of his reception. At the same time, after he had stated the object of his visit, something odd began to show itself in the doctor's manner.

He looked at Mirabel with an appearance of uneasy curiosity, and he contrived an excuse for altering the visitor's position in the room so that the light fell full on his face.

"I fancy I must have seen you," the doctor said, "at some former time."

"I am ashamed to say I don't remember it," Mirabel answered.

"Ah, very likely I'm wrong. I'll call on Miss Emily, sir, you may depend on it."

Left in his consulting-room, Dr. Allday failed to ring the bell which summoned the next patient who was waiting for him. He took his diary from the table drawer, and turned to the daily entries for the past month of July.

Arriving at the fifteenth day of the month, he glanced at the first lines of writing: "A visit from a mysterious lady, calling herself Miss Jethro. Our conference led to some very unexpected results."

No; that was not what he was in search of. He looked a little lower down, and read on regularly, from that point, as follows:

"Called on Miss Emily in great anxiety about the discoveries which she might make among her aunt's papers. Papers all destroyed, thank God, except the handbill offering a reward for discovery of the murderer, which she found in the scrap-book. Gave her back the handbill. Emily much surprised that the wretch should have escaped, with such a careful description of him circulated

everywhere. She read the description aloud to me in her nice clear voice: 'Supposed age between twenty-five and thirty years. A well-made man of small stature. Fair complexion, delicate features, clear blue eyes. Hair light, and cut rather short. Clean-shaven, with the exception of narrow half-whiskers,' and so on. Emily at a loss to understand how the fugitive could disguise himself. Reminded her that he could effectually disguise his head and face (with time to help him) by letting his hair grow long, and cultivating his beard. Emily not convinced, even by this self-evident view of the case. Changed the subject."

The doctor put away his diary, and rang the bell.

"Curious," he thought. "That dandified little clergyman has certainly reminded me of my discussion with Emily more than two months since. Was it his flowing hair, I wonder, or his splendid beard? Good God! suppose it should turn out—"

He was interrupted by the appearance of his patient. Other ailing people followed. Dr. Allday's mind was professionally occupied for the rest of the evening.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT CHICAGO.

Apropos of the Convention of the Republican party at Chicago, we give a double-page view of that city, taken from the top of the light-house at the mouth of the river, and showing the Exposition Building on the left; and a front-page illustration giving a view of the main entrance to the hall.

The north half of the Exposition Building was remodelled for the use of the Convention, making a fine hall about half the length of the entire structure, not counting the annex. The interior of the building was repainted. The trusses are a deep red, the remainder of the wood-work about the galleries being blue. Below the galleries it has been kalsomined white. The huge sounding-boards at each end of the hall are also white. The opening caused by the dome was closed, as were also the spaces behind the four rows of seats around the galleries. Sixteen rings of gas-burners were placed in the hall, and two hundred and fifty extra burners in the aisles and passage-ways. The floor alone was of sufficient size to accommodate twelve thousand people with seats, and the galleries nearly two thousand more.

The stage is in the north end of the building. Immediately behind and on either side of it, rising in amphitheatrical form, are the seats for distinguished guests, numbering 1400. The stage itself accommodates between two and three hundred people.

The acoustics of the hall are excellent. Two immense sounding-boards at either end of the hall, and covering 25,000 square feet of space, are the main factors in securing this result. The words of a person speaking on the stage can be plainly heard on the last row of seats in the hall.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

SEA-BATHING FOR INVALIDS.

Sea-bathing is not a cure-all; yet there are few classes of people to whom it may not bring some benefit. For delicate constitutions, and for many of the complaints of debility, sea-bathing is a powerful tonic; it is medicinal for many invalids. For persons in ordinary health a plunge in the sea is a pleasure, while for the strong swimmer it is a delight; and either for the athlete or the infant there is no better exercise than holding your own against the dancing waves. More than all, swimming is not the least useful of the accomplishments; it will save a hundred lives for one that is saved, for instance, by eloquence, as when Cæsar, during a storm at sea, spoke so much to the point to his pilot. But let us keep to the hygienic questions that are connected with this extensive theme.

And first, of sea-bathing for the delicate. Of the many persons who are in need of a tonic and strengthening treatment, there are but few who will not derive benefit from sea-bathing, provided only that they will make haste slowly, and bear in mind the necessary precautions.

The question of the sea temperature is an important one for a safe beginning. The water must be warm enough. A chief source of benefit in sea or river bathing is, indeed, the coolness of the temperature, and the consequent healthy glow of warmth caused by the rushing of blood to the skin on leaving the water, and the stimulating influence upon the viscera. But all this is too active treatment for the invalid at the beginning; one must be educated up to the tolerance of the cold bath.

At some of the French sea-side resorts, and recently at some of our own, as at Marblehead, the excellent plan is followed of giving preparatory baths of warmed sea-water in-doors. It is a good beginning for some very delicate women, who find even the summer heat of the Mediterranean (75° to 80° Fahr.) too cool at the outset. But whenever this initiation is practiced, it should not be a long one. The artificial warmth of the bath should be lessened day by day, until after a moderate time it is reduced nearly to that of the sea, and the patient is proven strong enough to cultivate a more intimate and invigorating acquaintance with old Ocean himself.

For this purpose a calm, warm, and sunny day should be chosen; a windy day should be particularly avoided, for the evaporation from the clothes and the body is then so rapid as to chill the bather both on entering and leaving the water. *Never go into a cold bath when you feel cold.* This well applies to all bathers, whether strong or delicate. To make it effective, it is desirable to lose no time after beginning to undress in getting into the water. The best time of the day is two or three hours after eating, and preferably in the forenoon. It may be borne in mind that the beach and the waves themselves are generally cleaner during the ebb tide than during the flood; and it is desirable that the air should be warm as well as the sea. The sun being well out, the first bath from the beach may be taken, and it should be a very brief one, lasting no longer than is necessary to wet the body from head to foot. On leaving the water the bather should strip and be rubbed dry, and this immediately. Indolent bathers run more risk by lingering and shivering in their wet clothes than from any amount of swimming.

The glow of warmth which should follow the bath represents more than the activity of the superficial circulation; it means also a reaction upon the central organs and viscera. When this occurs, the bather is receiving benefit, and will receive more; he may be assured that the vital powers are sufficient to profit by the stimulus. A cold bath that is followed by no reaction is a useless and may be a dangerous thing. But a sea-bath taken not less frequently than every other day during the season (August is generally the best month; in July and September the sea-water is nearly as warm) is a most effective treatment for nervous complaints, diseases of debility, headaches, neuralgia, hypochondria, and anæmia. There are sea fanatics who consider the salt-water as a cure-all. I am not a sea fanatic, but sea-baths have great virtues of their own.

1. They produce the tonic reaction just mentioned; 2. They provide a lively gymnastic exercise for the bather, whether in holding himself upright against the shock of the waves, or in moving over them or diving through them as an expert swimmer; and 3. An almost always pleasurable mental excitement attends the bath. I take no account of the effect of the salts contained in the water, though this is reckoned by some rather visionary German writers on the subject as having an appreciable medicinal value. It may be thrown in gratis as a doubtful quantity, the human skin having, as I have already said, little power of absorption. But sea-water has a virtue which these somewhat visionary doctors, not being themselves swimmers, and therefore to that extent being impracticable men, have failed to count in their enumeration of the advantages of bathing. Its contained salts make sea-water about two and a half per cent. heavier than fresh-water, and therefore noticeably more buoyant, and therefore a considerably easier medium for the learner in swimming.

In another paper we will advance the invalid from her two minutes' dip into salt-water on a sunny morning to the status of re-instated health and spirits, and permit to her strength enough to begin learning the delightful art of natation.

Titus Munson Coan.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

The Authorship of the "Vestiges."—Anonymous Successes.—Why Empress?—Senseless Risks.—The Burial Question.—The Silent Piano.—A Morbid Ambition.

The most interesting piece of literary and scientific news that we have had for a long time is, beyond question, Mr. Ireland's revelation of the authorship of *The Vestiges of Creation.* This has long, indeed, been an open secret. In the *Cornhill Magazine* for January last, for example, Robert Chambers is spoken of as the true Simon Pure, with a personal knowledge that leaves little room for doubt; but it is still not a little curious that the parentage of such a book should not have been actually brought home to its father for more than forty years. During that period science has made gigantic strides, and the theory of development has been itself developed, but in its day *The Vestiges* did a great work, and one which has been freely acknowledged by Darwin himself. The sensation it produced was prodigious. Heterodoxy in science was at that time treated with less tolerance than infidelity in religious matters, and from every professor's chair were hurled anathemas against the audacious volume. Even so kind-hearted a man as Professor Sedgwick fairly lost his temper, and wrote such a diatribe against it as can only be paralleled by the vituperations of the Vatican.

In my opinion, the man who could fling the seed of so much intellectual conflict ought to have confessed himself the sower; but of course he had a perfect right to please himself in the matter. The MS. was sent to Manchester to Mr. Ireland; from thence to London to be printed; and was returned for correction, by way of Manchester, to Edinburgh. Curiously enough, it was thought precaution enough to use Mrs. Robert Chambers's handwriting instead of her husband's; but though this did cause the secret to be more than guessed at by a private circle, it did not reveal it even to them. Mr. Robert Cox, of Edinburgh, and William Chambers were the only other confidants of the author, who, however, was so far suspected that he declined to stand for the Lord Provostship of Edinburgh, for fear of being questioned on the platform. In modern times there has been no literary authorship withheld so long from the public, with the exception of that of those famous letters signed "An Englishman," which appeared in the *Times* newspaper, the writer of which remains anonymous even to this day. I well remember the attempt made in a committee-room of the House of Commons to "draw" the late Mr. Walter upon this subject.

"You say that everything written in the *Times* is authenticated by the name of the writer, even if it is not published?"

"Yes, it is."

"Then you were aware who wrote the letters signed 'An Englishman'?"

"No, I was not. [Sensation.] They have been the only exception."

For my part, I have a much greater curiosity on this point than to know who wrote the letters of "Junius," in my opinion overrated productions, and neither in keenness nor intensity, nor occasionally even in style, superior to the personal and political invectives of the "Queen's Messenger," an entire set of which, by-the-bye, now fetches among the collectors no less a sum than thirty guineas.

Her Majesty's letter to her people acknowledging their sympathy with her late calamity has given great satisfaction except in one particular. Regret has been expressed in many quarters that she should have been so ill advised—for it is hardly likely that such a mistake should have originated in her own mind—as to sign after her name the letters R. and I. When the late founder of our imperial policy persuaded her Majesty to assume the title of Empress of India, he expressly stipulated, because he knew how obnoxious was the word to English ears, that it should never be used save in our Eastern dependency. Some courtier has doubtless suggested that an exception should be made in the present case; but in so genuine a document it is particularly out of place. The R. is real enough, but the I. may well stand for "imaginary."

I am sorry to see that the list of all those who sent wreaths to the funeral of the Duke of Albany has been published "by authority" in the *Times*, where it occupies an entire column. I can not but think that this will have a tendency to promote the growth of snobbism. If such gifts are to be recorded in the newspapers, the custom will lose what little of true feeling it ever possessed.

Talking of funerals, I see that my friend, and the friend of all of us, G. A. S., has, in that page of the *Illustrated London News* which he has made his own, taken those authors and journalists to task who did not attend the funeral of their late departed brother, Charles Reade. "Only four miles out of London from Euston station, and yet scarcely anybody there!" I think in common charity he might have attributed this omission less to the distance than to the day. It was signalized by one of the coldest east winds of the spring; and a funeral in those who suffer from east winds too often begets another funeral. So long as the barbarous custom of baring the head, in whatever weather, at such ceremonies continues, so long shall I, for one, decline to attend them; nor, when I am carried to the churchyard myself, do I expect my friends to peril their health by similar exposure. Let us run all risks for our friends while they are alive, by all means, but not in empty honor of their senseless clay.

As if the poor novelists had not enough to put up with from the plagiarists and publishers, or had not been accused of offenses enough by the critics, the crime of murder has now been laid to their charge by the mother of a family. She was not, it is true, a particularly good mother. Indeed, her little daughter, aged thirteen, had such a hard life of it at home that she threw herself into the Thames and drowned herself. But at the inquest, when the cause of her child's suicide was gone into, this woman had the effrontery to say that "the reading of novels had affected her mind." So might some modern Bumble, after thrashing a pauper child within an inch of its life, protest that he had made away with the other inch through having read *Oliver Twist.*

It seems as if there was really to be no end of what ought reasonably itself to be the *finis* of everything, namely, the burial question. An honest farmer was interred at Leek the other day, "the reverse way to that intended"—not upside down, but with his head eastward—notwithstanding the wishes of his widow, and in spite of the cemetery regulations, the vicar observing that it was of the first importance that regard should be paid to the Resurrection. I only know one case parallel to this: that of an old lady of large means who nevertheless declines to be buried in a brick grave, on account of the difficulty of egress when required.

The custom of embalming our memories in the obituaries of the *Times* is growing. Not content with regarding anniversaries of a few years ago, the friends of a gentleman who left us no less than twenty years ago have been moved to recall his virtues. This is, I think, going a little too far back. If twenty years is not too long a limit for "a living memory" (at seven and sixpence), why should fifty years be? "In loving memory of my great-grandfather," would not sound badly, while at the same time it would convince an incredulous world that one's family was not of yesterday.

Nothing is new under the sun; twenty years ago there was a noiseless organ which perambulated London, and delighted us with its "unheard music," and there is a pianino, or silent piano, "invented," which allows the player and those in his immediate vicinity to hear it discourse, but is inaudible at a little distance. What an Elysium does this hold forth to those who are next door to a young ladies' school! For my part, I should not mind "a little music in the evening" conducted on this ravishing instrument, for the perfect enjoyment of which it would be only necessary to stand near the door.

A man has thrown himself under a railway train "from unaccountable impulse," and has only survived to confess as much. The experience, though it may never have been put into effect, has happened to many of us, and is the reason, in fact, why the Duke of York's Column and the Monument have their summits in iron cages. Visitors could not "resist the temptation" to cast themselves from the top to the bottom. This has nothing to do with suicidal mania, and is only dangerous under exceptional circumstances. It is the same nervous and morbid feeling which prompts us (as it prompted Dr. Johnson) to tread on alternate flagstones in the pavement and to avoid the cracks; it also urges us to put off crossing the road, when an omnibus is coming, to the very last moment, so as just to "shave the wheel of eternity." I have never seen any attempt to explain this feeling, which is very much more common than that one—of which so much has been written—which seems to recognize a scene, or even a conversation, as not being presented to us for the first time. It is one of the smaller mysteries of our being, yet it has just cost a man his life.

R. Kemble, of London.

SPAIN AND ITS REVIVAL.

Spain is the least educated of all the Western European nations, and yet how often has Spain led the way to the highest results of knowledge! In the days of Solomon it was visited by intelligent Hebrew merchants and fleets of Greek traders from the East. In the days of Hannibal and Hamilcar the Semitic Carthaginians covered it with colonies, and worked its mines of silver and gold. They founded Carthagena, and worshipped in the majestic temple at Cadiz. Carthaginian genius left its traces on the valley of the Guadalquivir, and penetrated to the declivities of the Pyrenees. The Romans next conquered Spain, and under their intelligent government it became the happiest portion of the globe, the seat of learning, the home of emperors and poets, its cities crowned with all the graces of Roman civilization. From the age of Trajan, its generous son, for more than a century Spain shone with the highest traits of learning and good taste.

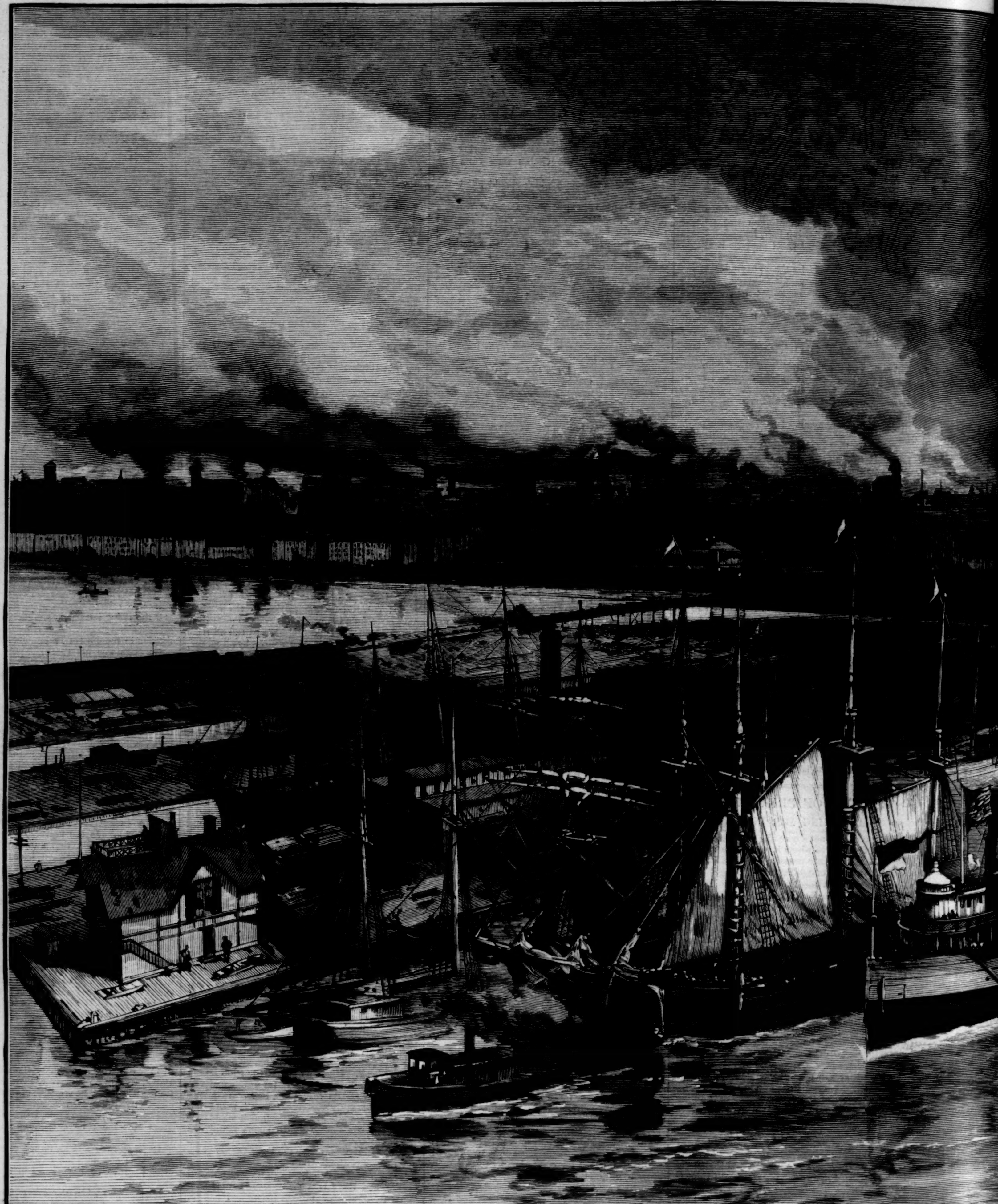
Its emperor Trajan founded the period of the Antonines; its poets Lucan and Martial, its Seneca and Quintilian, have instructed every later age. The remains of its bridges and aqueducts are still seen spanning the wild regions of the north, and crossing the hills of Portugal; its roads were perfected by Roman skill; the splendor of its cities is still recorded in the ruins of Italica, the birth-place of Trajan, and in Cordova, the birth-place of the Senecas. It is probable that a chain of Roman cities, the centres of scholarship and art, covered the peninsula, where now only an intense ignorance prevails. In the fall of the Roman Empire, Spain perished. Its cities, Orosius tells us, were left waste and desolate, and the Vandal and the Goth encamped amidst their ruins. Yet such was the productive force of its soil and climate that soon a Gothic kingdom arose on the land of Seneca and Trajan, the wasted cities were rebuilt, the Roman civilization revived, and the rising intelligence of the German races seemed about to renew once more the general cultivation of the days of Trajan and the Antonines.

But this was not to be. Spain became the teacher of Europe in a new and unlooked-for way. In 712 the savage Arabs crossed at Gibraltar; they soon showed a strong passion for knowledge, an unrivalled industry in obtaining it. For several centuries after its conquest Spain was the favored land of libraries, students, universities, and schools. While all Europe slept in ignorance, poetry, music, philosophy, found their homes in its busy cities. The followers of Mohammed were the instructors of our ancestors; the finest intellects of the Middle Ages were educated in their schools. Gerbert, Albertus Magnus, and Roger Bacon repeated and enlarged their discoveries in science. A trace of Arabic fancy and extravagance haunts all modern literature. Spain was the university whence flowed the tide of thought that awakened the Middle Ages and mankind. Then from 1200 to 1400 the Moorish colleges were swept away in the rage of Christian conquest, the immense libraries were wasted, the studious cities destroyed, and a barbarous chivalry ruled over the fallen seats of knowledge.

Yet soon again the remarkable land led on the progress of two worlds. Spanish enterprise laid open the secrets of the ages. Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro were the names most renowned in their time. Learning and free thought revived in the peninsula. Some of the purest of the early reformers lived and suffered in Spain. Cervantes appeared, to give birth to Irving, Dickens, and the tender humor of the modern school. Calderon shone, and was eclipsed amidst the clouds of his blind fanaticism. Fanaticism triumphed, and Spain sank rapidly into moral and mental weakness. Knowledge fled to Holland and the North; a few hundred thousand educated Dutch, republican and free, ravished away the trade and wasted the strength of Spain; England and Holland destroyed its armadas; its schools and colleges perished again, its people sank into gross ignorance; its cities were half deserted, its manufactures perished, its highlands were stripped of their forests, its mines and pastures neglected; and until our own day, Spain, that so often instructed Europe, has lain almost lifeless and dead.

It resembles often the worst portion of our backwoods. Beggary and murder live together. "Six persons," Hare relates, "were killed and eight wounded during the course of the first masked ball (at Seville) without producing any effect upon the gayety of the rest of the revellers." Beggars haunt the traveller. At Cadiz Mr. Day was told that "the best people could scarcely write their names." But a new era seems opening upon the peninsula; knowledge may once more revisit its early home, and Spanish legislators are already anxious to plant in their midst the American common school. Portugal is even more liberal than Spain. The whole peninsula is at last stirred by the touch of knowledge. Its broad and fertile coast, the home of the Phœnician and Carthaginian, lies opposite to us, our next neighbors of the East, inviting trade, intercourse, and an interchange of liberal thought. Spain gave America to the world. What shall not America do for Spain? At least we must look with intense sympathy on the effort of liberal Spaniards to educate a fallen nation—to revive the intellect that has been of such lasting service to mankind.

Eugene Lawrence.



THE EXPOSITION BUILDING, WHERE THE CONVENTION MEETS.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO FROM THE TOP OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE

E AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 363.]

A SONG OF THE SWEETEST.

A song of the things that are sweetest,
The cunningest and the completest,
'Neath the beautiful sky that is o'er us,
In the beautiful world that's before us,
On the breast of the dear sea under us—
None of which three can sunder us.

Say a moon with a little star daughter,
That looks at herself in the water
From her blue bower so high up above us,
So close to the angels that love us;
But these are less dear to the night
Than unto my heart its delight.

Little bough, with the little leaves on it,
Faint green, like Titania's bonnet,
As fresh as the hopes of the spring-time,
As light as the songs of the wing-time—
Little bough, I but left you to see
A little face sweeter to me.

Little shell, with the pink overspreading,
Like the cheek of a bride at her wedding,
And as smooth as the brow of the sister
Whose coral lips lately have kissed her—
Little shell-ship that saileth the ocean,
Thou'rt but type of my shrine of devotion.

Oh, a little bee rocked on a mullein,
Neither listless nor lazy nor sullen,
A wise little hunter of sweetness,
A quaint little teacher of neatness—
What's more cunning than this little fellow,
Clinging close to the mullein-flower yellow?

Is't a bud with the red breaking through it,
And the morning sun staying to woo it?
Ah, lovely and luring the rose is
Which the bud's fairy lattice discloses;
But my cradle, a bower that is fairer,
Holds a flower that is sweeter and rarer.

Is't a nest with a baby bird in it,
A soft-throated gray little linnet,
With father's wing hovering over it,
And mother's breast ready to cover it?
Ah, the sweetest of sounds, so my vote is,
Come not up out of little birds' throaties!

Mother's heart, with a little head on it,
Proud and happy because she has won it—
Mother's heart says her baby's the sweetest,
The cunningest, and the completest
Of all the sweet things under heaven,
Of all the sweet things ever given.

Howard Glyndon.

DE LANCEY'S LUCK.

A grand old house whose noble proportions tell of their builder's taste and wealth, but upon which time and neglect are doing their work very thoroughly, for the stately columns of the portico are chipped and broken, the glass is all gone from what was once the conservatory, and only the ivy here and there covers the stains of mould and damp upon the walls.

"It is enough to give you your death of cold only to peep into those great bare, worm-eaten rooms," cries one of two girls, who have propped up a broken-down bench on what used to be the lawn, while a small negro boy has taken their phaeton ponies to drink from the lake behind the house.

"Is that why you have refused to gratify my natural curiosity to see the inside as well as the outside?"

"No; the fact is, May"—after an instant's pause, and gazing sympathetically at the old building—"I am ashamed to go poking and prying into its poor shabby secrets only because it is in the hands of two old darkies who would admit their master's worst enemy to criticise and sneer for fifty cents."

"What a queer girl you are, Belle!"

"Well, I have another reason," lifting her pretty head proudly and facing May. "The De Lanceys are one of the oldest families in Maryland, and if they lived here and were well off, would never permit Belle Brown, the daughter of a man who made his money in sugar, to enter their house, and I think it is taking a very mean advantage of their poverty to go in now, when there is no one to keep me out."

"Nonsense!" cries May, coloring a little from her inability to deny the facts of her friend's speech, though she thinks her scruples absurd. "I did not know you were so humble."

"I am not humble; I am proud, just as proud of my dear father, who sold sugar, and my grandfather, who I dare say did something of the kind, as Vere De Lancey can be of his father and his dozens of grandfathers, who were all idle gentlemen; but our paths run in different directions—more is the pity!" ending her defiant assertion of herself with a wistful little sigh.

"Why is it a pity?" asks May, regarding her with puzzled eyes. (Belle is rather apt to puzzle her friends, for all her frankness.)

"Why? Because I am so sorry for Vere De Lancey that I should like to be his friend if I could."

"Did not your aunt say that he was very wild?"

"I dare say he is, poor fellow. I am sure he has had excuse enough for being so."

"Tell me," says May, drawing nearer, for she is fond of stories, especially about real people.

"You know he is the only De Lancey left," begins Belle, telling her story very softly, and still gazing at the old house as if she were sorry for it. "When the war broke out he was at college, and his mother and sister were living here. When he came home, at the end of the war, through every year of which he had fought bravely, his mother was dead, and his sister dying of a broken heart and a bad husband. Mr. De Lancey and this man quarrelled the day of her funeral, and fought a duel two days afterward, in which the husband was killed."

"How horrible!" shudders May.

"Horrible, but no more than he deserved, from what I have heard; so that I do not see why it should always prejudice people against Mr. De Lancey. However, he came home, and though every one advised him to sell the place, he lived here all alone for a year, when he went to Baltimore, and began speculating in stocks and bonds, and all those things that men do when they are trying to make money very fast. Poor fellow, he sold his mother's jewels and the family silver to get money to begin with; and though he was successful at first, very soon everything he tried failed, and at last to pay his debts he was obliged to mortgage this place, which he had tried so hard to save."

"Poor thing!" murmurs May.

"I don't believe he was very wild before that; but after he became desperate and gambled, things went from bad to worse, until the whole estate is to be sold for the mortgage next week. And oh, May, I am so sorry for him, hopeless and desperate, and perhaps ashamed of himself too!" cries Belle, clasping her hands, while tears fill her brown eyes.

"But, you know, even if he were desperate, it was very wrong of him to gamble and do things which you say yourself he must be ashamed of," says May, virtuously.

"Wrong!" echoes Belle, vehemently—"of course it was wrong, but so natural! Can not you understand, May, that he must feel as if even God is against him, when every effort he makes to do right fails so miserably? I wish I could do something for him!" she breaks off, with a little sob.

"You have done something for him," says a voice behind them, gravely.

The two girls start up in amazement, and see a gentleman, who has come up behind them unheard in the interest of Belle's tale. He looks at Belle with dark, sad eyes, as he says, with a faint smile, holding out his hand:

"I beg your pardon for eavesdropping, but I could not deny myself the unexpected pleasure of hearing my story kindly told. Will you not allow me to shake hands with my defender?"

Silently Belle puts her slim white hand in his, while the color, which usually rushes over her fair face so easily, dies slowly away, and leaves her very pale. He holds her hand an instant, and raising his hat, he leaves them. They watch him until he enters the house, then Belle walks quickly to her phaeton, followed by May, who is quite excited.

"What made you turn so pale, Belle?" she asks, as they drive rapidly down the avenue. "Were you frightened?"

"No."

"What beautiful eyes he has!"

"Yes."

"What a romantic adventure to tell your aunt, isn't it?"

"May, dear," very earnestly, "please promise me not to tell Aunt Annie, or any one. I—I would rather not talk about it."

It is a week later, and the two girls, with Miss Brown (Belle's aunt), start out one sunny June day for a sketching expedition to the De Lancey woods. The old place, with all its belongings, is to be sold to-morrow, and Belle has made a resolution, she tells May, that she will never enter the grounds again after the sale. May is rather inclined to tease Belle upon her romantic interest in the De Lanceys, but her attempts to do so are received with such dignity that she very soon desists. There is a very pretty water-fall about half a mile from the house, and there they leave the carriage, and Miss Brown takes out her knitting, while the girls prepare to sketch. May, having selected her view, begins to work vigorously; but Belle, who is usually so industrious, and keeps so firmly to her own decisions, after trying two or three different points, throws her book and pencils down in disgust.

"I am too stupid to sketch to-day," she declares. "Stay here, May, while I go to find some of those forget-me-nots you wanted so much last night."

"Very well, dear," acquiesces May, who is too much absorbed to notice her friend's restlessness. And so (as Aunt Annie is placidly sleeping) Belle wanders off up the stream and further away from the house, into the woods of which the De Lanceys have always been so proud, and which to-morrow must pass forever from the possession of the last of their name. It puzzles Belle not a little that she, who prides herself upon the matter-of-fact disposition and admiration of common-sense and success which become the only child and heiress of James Brown, who made his money in the sugar trade—it puzzles her why, from the time that, five years ago, she and Aunt Annie took possession of the finest and newest house in the neighborhood, she should have been so much touched by the story of the ruined De Lanceys. She smiles at May's idea of her sympathy being romantic, she who has always declared that sentiment was utterly wanting in her character. Yet why should her heart ache so at the thought of the sale to-morrow?

"I suppose it must be because women always cling to the losing side," she decides, seating herself, with a long sigh, on the grass at a little distance from the brook.

She lies there looking up at the stately old trees, so beautiful in their June freshness, and suddenly the remembrance of the sad eyes of the man who had thanked her for telling his story kindly brings the tears to her own, for she thinks of what he must suffer, now that his misfortunes and his wrong-doings together have forced him to part with the home which even his enemies admit he has struggled desperately to save.

If only she had some excuse for paying the mortgage and giving it back to him. She could so well spare him the money from the fortune her father has left her, but people would call her unmaidenly, and whisper that she was striving to combine the proud De Lancey name with the vulgar Brown wealth. The hot blood rushes over her face at the thought, and she springs to her feet, just as Vere De Lancey appears from the opposite direction. He is walking rapidly, and is so absorbed in his own thoughts that he does not perceive her, and Belle stands motionless, hoping that he will pass on, but, to her vexation, he throws himself on the grass, only parted from her by two or three trees, so near that the slightest movement will reveal her. Thus forced to choose between the risk of being finally discovered, or at once passing him, she is just deciding upon the latter alternative, when he puts his hand in his pocket and draws out a pistol, which he begins to examine. A sudden feeling as if a cold hand has been laid on her heart makes Belle gasp, and then, though she is sick and giddy, she tells herself that she is a goose, for all the gentlemen in the neighborhood carry pistols, and why should she imagine— With a cry too horror-stricken to be loud, she springs forward, and wresting from his hand the pistol which he was holding to his head, she flings it into the brook. She has cast herself on the ground beside him, and for an instant the two pairs of eyes, so nearly on a level, gaze straight into each other—hers brilliant with terror and a pity that seems to him angelic, his dull with such despair as will haunt her while she lives. Then a flush of shame sweeps over his haggard face, and he stumbles to his feet.

"I am afraid that I frightened you," he says, hurriedly. "I—I was cleaning my pistol." The hoarse words end abruptly, as he staggers, puts out both hands blindly for support, and falls back on the grass.

Dizzy with terror, she bends over him as he lies, his head almost against her knees, and his upturned face so awfully blank and white; but the first touch of her trembling hand on his breast tells her that his heart is beating heavily. For an instant longer she bends over him, and, her whole soul filled with tenderest compassion, touches his forehead softly with her lips. Then she springs to her feet, and runs as she never ran in her life before, her cheeks in a flame, and her heart almost suffocating her with its wild throbbing. So she bursts upon the quiet party she had left.

"Quick, Aunt Annie!" she cries. "Mr. De Lancey has fainted in the woods by the brook. Go help him—quick! quick!"

But she will not go with Aunt Annie, who goes, followed by William, the footman, at once, while Belle, hiding her face in May's lap, breaks into a passion of tears.

Fortunately Aunt Annie is a woman used to illness, and when her vigorous efforts to restore consciousness fail, she sees that this is no ordinary swoon, but a stupor, which is probably the beginning of a fever, and being kind as well as experienced, she decides at once that Mr. De Lancey's own house (which is to be sold to-morrow, and where there are only indifferent servants and enraged creditors) is the very worst place for a man in his condition. She breathes a heavy sigh at the prospect of watchful nights and days of nursing before her, and then, with a pitiful look at the insensible face, she resigns herself to her duty.

"Poor fellow! he would get little enough kindness from any one else in the county," she thinks, when she has sent William for the coachman to help in carrying Mr. De Lancey to the carriage. "I dare say some of the neighbors will think me very foolish to take a man with his reputation for wildness into the house; but I will keep him away from May and Belle, and he can not hurt me."

For two weeks Aunt Annie and the doctor fight a hard fight for Vere De Lancey's life, and he knows nothing either of his danger or their kindness until, in the third week, he comes back to consciousness in a pretty bedroom, and looks up into Aunt Annie's kind, middle-aged face, instead of the frightened, pitiful eyes which have haunted him through all his delirium. In the fortnight which passes while he is coming slowly back to life, Aunt Annie becomes very fond of her charge, who is so gentle and so grateful that she is convinced that he has been the victim of malicious tongues, and that the faults and failings ascribed to him are utter slanders. He, for his part, quite conscious of having won Aunt Annie's heart, decides two things in his own mind: first, that her heart would not be so open to him, her account of the beginning of his illness so perfectly frank, if she knew how nearly he had died by his own hand; second, that his "angel," as he calls her very softly to himself, must be "my niece Belle" of whom Aunt Annie speaks so often, and whose clear young voice floats up sometimes through the open windows in quaint, old-fashioned songs or bursts of girlish laughter. When at last he is able to sit up, his arm-chair is placed by the window which opens on the garden, and there, in the soft summer twilight, he sees her wandering among the flowers, and all the pretty fancies about her which have satisfied him until now are merged in longing to see her once more face to face. So the next morning, when Aunt Annie, having given him his breakfast and seen him established in his arm-chair, is leaving the room to attend to her housekeeping, he says, quietly:

"Do you think, Miss Brown, that your niece would object to reading the paper to me? I have not an idea as to what the world has been about for a month, you know."

"I—well—I am not sure," hesitates Aunt Annie, remembering her resolutions about Belle.

"Never mind"—very meekly. "I dare say it would bore her dreadfully; and if you will get me the paper, I will defy this stupid head, and read it myself."

"You must not think of reading for a week; the doctor said so yesterday," cries Aunt Annie, yielding abjectly to her patient's first threat. "Of course Belle can read to you for half an hour."

So Belle comes very quietly, with a dainty flush on her fair face that makes her as pink and white as the roses she wears in her belt, and standing beside his chair she gives him her hand.

"I am glad you are better, Mr. De Lancey," she says, softly.

He has prepared eloquent speeches expressive of his gratitude for the life she has saved, and the secret she has kept, but now, holding the slight hand which wrested the pistol from his grasp, and looking up at the sweet eyes which have haunted him so long, he can only repeat the name he has so often called her in his thoughts.

"My angel! my angel!" he murmurs.

It is not by any means the first time that Belle has heard herself called an angel, and hitherto she has received such outbursts with amusement, for she is very scornful of flattery in all forms; but perhaps because this man has such good reason for so calling her, perhaps because of the tears in his eyes and the passionate tremor in his voice—ah, who can explain what she can not herself understand?—she is touched and thrilled as she never was before. Very gently she withdraws her hand, and taking up the paper, seats herself at a little distance.

"Shall I read the home news first?" she asks, in a voice she strives vainly to steady.

"Whatever you please," he answers, leaning his head against the back of his chair in such a way that his eyes can rest on the pretty drooping figure and the delicate profile over which the shades of color are chasing each other like the lights and shadows over the summer sky.

It becomes an established custom after this that Belle shall devote herself to Mr. De Lancey's entertainment for a couple of hours every morning—hours in which there is a very small amount of reading, a great deal of conversation, and, after a while, not a little of that silence which is the strongest evidence of perfect understanding and sympathy between two human beings. Belle is utterly happy, for she has given herself up to this delicious new gladness, which seems to brighten every trivial detail of daily life, with an entire self-resignation which is half fearlessness, half ignorance. She fills her position as guardian angel with a sweet wisdom, receiving his story of the shipwreck of his past life with gentlest sympathy, reproaching him as his mother might have done for his lack of faith and courage (which she, however, firmly believes to have been caused by his coming illness), and she becomes an inspired young prophetess when she predicts for him a future which shall be a noble struggle and final success, and through which she shall always be his friend.

With Vere De Lancey neither is the present so perfect nor the future so unclouded, for he, ten years older than she in age, and twenty in experience, recognizes from the first that, passionately as he loves her, he can never in common honor ask for anything but her friendship, for she is an heiress, and he a ruined man. He has done many a thing which brings a flush of shame to his brow when she declares her conviction that the world has always been terribly unjust to him; but it is nevertheless true that he has always been more sinned against than sinning, and evil repute and the consciousness of being bitterly misjudged had quite as much to do with his despair as the failure of his struggles to save the old home which it was part of the family creed to love and honor. Now (with something the same glow of adoring tenderness which the knights of old felt when they vowed to carry their "ladye's" colors through every tournament without stain) he tells himself that her sweet faith in him shall never be shaken, and that, however far the future may part them, she shall yet be proud of the life she has saved.

May has gone home, and Aunt Annie has either forgotten her fears or decided that they were causeless, for as Vere De Lancey makes his slow progress from one stage of convalescence to another, Belle is more and more with him, and, having decided that after his departure he must not see her until time has taught him wisdom, he clings passionately to every instant of the precious present which is his. But the days pass, as days will, whether we loathe or love them, and there are only hours to be counted now, for it is already twilight, and he is to leave in the morning. His mood has changed to-night, and instead of seeking her in the drawing-room after dinner he takes himself, his cigar, and his miserable thoughts to the garden. It has flashed upon him to-day that something warmer than friendship, more tender than pity, shines in the sweet shy eyes of Belle, and all the pride of the De Lanceys is poor defense against such temptation. It is almost tea-time when, peeping in at the drawing-room shutters, he sees that Aunt Annie is there, though Belle is not visible. Common courtesy requires him to enter now, and he is turning to throw away his cigar, when he finds himself face to face with Belle. The moon has come up behind the house, and her first rays fall softly on the white dress and fair girlish face, and the man's heart turns faint within him. Must he go away and leave her to be won by some other, only that the world, which never spoke a kindly word of him, may not be able to call him a fortune-hunter?

"I have come to talk business with you," she says, trying to speak lightly, but with a tremor in her voice which she can not quite conceal. "It only concerns you and me, so I thought we two could settle it better out here than in the house."

"Will it take long?" he asks, brusquely, wondering how much he can endure.

"Not if you will be reasonable, and do what I wish."

"You know I will."

"Then walk down to the terrace with me, and I will tell you."

So they walk side by side, and the moon shines

down on them with the same cold sweetness that she has bestowed on all lovers since the world and love-making began together. Neither of them speaks for an instant, and then Belle pauses, and clasping her hands nervously, she says, with pleading eagerness: "I am very rich, Mr. De Lancey, and I have very little to do with all the money, which Aunt Annie and I can not possibly spend, and—and I want you to let me lend you enough to buy back De Lancey Place, and begin business again in Baltimore. You—" She breaks off suddenly, for he has turned from her, hiding his face in his hands.

"Are you angry?" she falters. "Forgive me, but I would be so happy; and friends often lend each other money."

"But we are not friends," he cries, passionately catching both her hands as she stands beside him. "My dearest, my love, can I take from your charity the cursed money which has kept me from asking for your love? Oh, my angel," breaking into softness as she sinks on the nearest bench, and the tears fall fast over her downcast face, "forgive me! You only meant to be good to me; but indeed, indeed, I can not take your money."

"If I were poor—" she begins, faintly.

"If you were poor," falling on his knees before her, and forgetting his pride, his resolves, all but his love as he kisses her trembling fingers, "I would never give you up; I would make you love me. Oh, my God! if you were only poor!"

"Then—then I shall be poor!" she says, softly, drooping over the head which is bent on her clasped hands. "Aunt Annie can take the money, and —and you may take me."

Need any one be told that the neighborhood is still talking of De Lancey's luck, and how well the world seems to prosper with him since he has married old Brown's heiress?

A HINDOO SPIRITUALIST.

In Western countries spiritualism has taken the place of witchcraft as a profession; but in the East, all over Asia, the exercise of witchcraft, pure and simple, is a very popular—indeed, an overcrowded—calling. The native doctors all dabble more or less in occult sciences, and necromancy by itself is a flourishing trade.

A case has very recently occurred in Bombay in which a doctor conjured up a large assortment of "djinns" (spirits) for the purpose of imposing upon a rich patient, and pretended to have mortal combats with them, and performed, with the aid of magic cardamoms and enchanted musk, as many wonders as any Aladdin of the *Arabian Nights*.

Yet, after all, there is little cause for surprise in the fact of India being a land of easy beliefs, for the very air is charged with legends, and every object in the landscape, living or inanimate, is the centre of a group of superstitions. The supernatural hardly exists for the Hindoo, for to his liberal credulity everything seems natural. The ghosts and spirits which frequent his hamlet are to him almost as material as his own flesh-and-blood kinsmen, and he would as soon think of running counter to the caprices of the particular djinns which preside over the fortunes of his house as he would of opposing the decisions of his village council. That his oxen should die from the breath of a malicious gnome whose palace roof he had inadvertently broken in when ploughing seems to him quite as plausible an explanation of their death as the poisonous weed on which he has found the oxen feeding; and when the women of the village carry round the infected houses a dead chicken tied to a pole, to propitiate Seetla, the goddess of small-pox, the hamlet looks on with all the comfortable assurance of protection that we in the West attach to vaccination.

In the particular case I refer to the doctor's victim was even more than usually complacent, and the swindler more than usually audacious. It commenced with his having an unpleasant skin affection, and going to a doctor for some ointment. The doctor, however, saw at a glance that it was no ordinary cutaneous disorder, but a malicious species of enchantment practiced upon his client by certain evil ones of the air, over whom fortunately he, the doctor, had private control. A hundred rupees (two rupees make one dollar) was all that was needed for the preliminaries of disenchantment, and, the cash forth-coming, the doctor at once took the genii in hand. Yet, do what he could in the matter of exorcism, the malady continued. It appears that at this stage a foreign demon of exceptional malignity had overpowered the ordinary one—"the common or garden" demon, so to speak—which had hitherto troubled the sufferer, and to rout the foreigner not less than twenty pounds' worth of "ammonia" was needed. Having secured the money, the doctor disappeared. In fact, he went on pilgrimage on the private account of his own soul, leaving his client in Bombay under vows of inviolable secrecy.

Eventually he returned, and, as bad luck would have it, ran up against his patient one day in the street. The patient naturally reproached him with having neglected his cure. But the doctor's pathetic remonstrance against what he called the ingratitude of his patient brought tears to the eyes of the by-standers. "Had he not been on pilgrimage for nearly four months simply and solely for the cure of his patient's skin disease!" And the doctor in his virtuous grief wept himself. "And where," said he, "shall I ever look for gratitude in the world after this?" And he offered to give back the "ammonia." But meanwhile he asked the complainant for the loan of a small silver coin. It was at once lent, and the doctor having anointed it and wrapped it up, gave it back, telling the owner to put it in the fire without opening it, and then come back and report the result. Without opening the packet the client took the coin home, duly put it into the fire as prescribed, and to his astonishment out dropped among the ashes a good gold piece. He lost no time in returning to the good doctor, who begged him to keep it, and explaining in an off-hand way that he had lately learned the art of making gold from a certain devil with whom he happened to be intimate, wished him good-day.

The client, however, was not going to see the last of such a valuable acquaintance so easily, and therefore forced himself again upon the doctor, and begged to be allowed to share the gold-making secret. Incredible as it may seem, the doctor, after some demur, consented, for, as he said, what is the use of being happy if others are not happy around you too?

But the process of initiation into the mystery of metals was rather elaborate. It commenced with the client buying some incense, and then some gold bangles, and throwing them into a hole in a field as a present to the master of the fairies, and went on with more incense of a costly kind, and more gold bangles being thrown into another hole in another field to propitiate the aunts and cousins of the master of the fairies. Some finger-rings for an outsider demon or two (probably only connections by marriage with the fairies) was the next step, and then some more incense, and a hundred rupees in cash for miscellaneous gratuities to devilkins and such small folk.

Everything was now in train for a fair commencement, and the client was directed with a minute elaboracy of ceremonial to roast a number of copper coins in an earthen jar. The result was only partially successful, for of all the copper coins only one changed into gold. Nevertheless, the doctor was not in the least discouraged. He saw his way through the difficulty at once. Some musk, a pound or so in weight, and a good handful of gold ornaments were all that was needed, and having obtained them, he took his victim out to the sea-shore, and told him to sit there and see what he should see. The doctor began his incantations, and there emerged from behind a heap of stones a female spirit, "the genius of gold," who demanded what was wanted.

On being told that the gentleman wanted to know how to make gold, she agreed to show him, provided he gave her some more musk and some more gold bangles.

Several interviews followed, with the same result—handsome presents of spices and jewels to the female spirit, but without effect; and the doctor at last lost all patience, and prepared for a deadly struggle with the Evil One.

First of all, however, it was necessary to hide under a stone certain quantities of silk and embroidered cloth, gold thread, and lace, to propitiate a few genii who might otherwise, in the conflict which was about to ensue, take the side of the ghosts against the man. This done, they returned to the sea-shore, where the "djinn" appeared in the form of a religious mendicant holding a lighted torch, and at once refused point-blank to impart the secret of the gold. Upon this the enraged doctor knocked him down with an incantation, yet not so rapidly but that the Evil One in falling had time to launch a spell at the doctor, which felled him too.

To be left with two dead men on the sea-beach, and one of them a devil, was, it must be confessed, a compromising position; but the client fortunately remembered that the doctor had told him that if by any chance he should have the misfortune to be killed, his friend could restore him to life by sprinkling cardamoms on his legs. Trembling, he fled from the scene of the tragedy, and returning with the cardamoms, scattered them as directed upon the doctor's legs, and lo! he stood up, shook himself as one who awakens from a deep trance, and then, suddenly catching sight of the motionless demon, hurried away, whispering to his client, as he passed him, to make his escape from the beach in the opposite direction, and on no account to look behind him.

And so the story goes on—how the djinn came to life again, and how the doctor vanquished the king of the genii with more musk and bangles, and got the better of the wicked queen of the gnomes with more embroidery and rings, and how they saw more wonderful sights on the sea-shore; all this was duly recounted in one of the Bombay police courts the other day. The end of all the necromancy, however, was that the doctor at last decamped, leaving his client with all his original skin disease, but no money, and bound by terrible vows to repeat certain incantations two hundred and odd times a day for two months and a half, and meanwhile not to breathe a word to any living soul about what had occurred.

These facts, gravely narrated in a court of justice, sound incredible enough. But after recent disclosures in European spiritualist cases, it is not easy to decide at what limit we ought to fix the possibilities of human credulity. But in this Indian case there is this humorous and interesting aspect of the delusion, that the victim had no skeptics among his acquaintances. When he confided to a friend that he had been seeing djinns and talking to them by the sea-shore, his confidants did not question his word. It was abundantly on record that djinns do converse with men, and that certain classes of them do live by the sea, so why should not this gentleman be speaking the truth? That he had given away many golden ornaments and many pounds' weight of costly spices was equally beyond doubt, and what could more properly have been the object of such expenditure than the propitiation of spirits?

The whole lives of Asiatics are so interwoven with and surrounded by the unintelligible and the mysterious that nothing seems impossible; and if in the present case the victim's money had not given out, he might have continued to the end of his life on intimate terms with the creatures of other worlds. Eventually—who knows?—he might have found out the great secret of making gold, and then, like the hero of the German legend, have been claimed by the spirits as their slave, and whisked away beyond human ken.

In India the open road-side wells are terribly convenient for "spirits'" work, and if a man known to have had commerce with ghosts were found lying at the bottom of one, there would be no surprise among his neighbors. Snakes, too, often kill men very opportunely, and even the native constable, returning the death as "snake-bite," has sufficient knowledge of the manners and customs of djinns to trace their handiwork in the cobra's victims. So it was as well, perhaps, for the doctor's dupe that his money was exhausted before his skin disease was cured by death.

Phil Robinson.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

In making a law which limits to thirty the number of passengers that may be carried by a sailing vessel, the Legislature of New Jersey has done the owners of yachts a favor which they will not forget, so long, at least, as they happen to be cruising around the summer resorts along the coast of that State. It will be possible henceforth to solemnly point to the law as a reason for limiting the size of yachting parties, and thus without giving offense yacht owners may avoid the crowding that suggests a barge excursion for east-side mothers and infants.

The provision of the late Dr. Gross for the incineration of his body after death, and the strong indorsement by Dr. Joseph Leidy of that method of disposing of the dead, have produced so marked a sentiment in Philadelphia in favor of cremation that an incinerating furnace will probably be built near that city within a short period. A number of prominent men of means have the project in hand. Dr. Leidy, having been erroneously quoted as being opposed to cremation, printed a card in which he said: "I was glad to learn that my honored friend Dr. Gross made the provision he did, and I look upon it as a last good act of a good life. It is an example I wish to follow, and I hope many others will do likewise."

A new Franco-Chinese trouble has broken out. It is on this side of the earth, and is a struggle for survival between the French and the Chinese laundrymen of Montreal. The Frenchmen were the aggressors.

In a region of this State made unusually favorable for the development of fever and ague by diverting the Wallkill River from its channel, the disease has appeared this season among the dogs. The canine sufferers have the same symptoms that appear in the human system, and they join their masters in their regular doses of quinine.

In Philadelphia a few days ago an ordinary American hog attacked and killed a man. Prince Bismarck will find full accounts of the affair in the papers of May 26.

In Buffalo the betting on base-ball games became so general among young men that the Citizens' Reform Association took measures to decrease it. There were "combination boards"—a betting arrangement—in many of the bar-rooms, and the proprietors were warned by an agent of the Association that the betting could not go on.

For many years the obviously inaccurate statement, "Nothing but the address can be placed on this side," has been printed on the government postal cards. Reform is necessary.

Ornithologists are making unusual efforts this season to procure facts concerning the migration of birds in North America. The work is directed by a committee of the Ornithologists' Union. In the work they are considerably assisted by the electric lights that are burned on the tops of masts in many Western towns. The birds in flight flock around the dazzling lamps, and many of them are killed by contact with the glass globes. Sometimes a score or more of varieties of migratory birds are found among those that are killed. The birds that breed in the vicinity avoid the danger, though many of the strangers that come to grief are from regions where electric lights are used.

Two illustrations of the ticklish nature of the recent financial situation: The cash in the principal office of a railroad company came out four cents short one day at the close of business hours, and there was a rumor in Wall Street on the following morning that an officer of the company was a defaulter to the extent of four million dollars. A Connecticut newspaper humorist published an account of a run on a gravel bank, and while he was waiting for the laugh to begin, a throng of excited depositors drew some thirty thousand dollars out of the village savings-bank.

The first anniversary of the East River Bridge has come around, and the structure has not fallen into the river as a rebuke to the trustees who decided that the bridge should be first opened to the public on Queen Victoria's birthday. In the course of the year a little over eleven million persons crossed on foot or as car passengers, besides those who rode in the half-million vehicles on which toll was paid. The receipts were $391,770.

There is no record of anything in the way of a free-lunch route that can compare with the one in the long Food Gallery at the Health Exhibition in London. In the course of a walk through the gallery the visitor is cordially invited to partake of a tiny quantity of something at almost every step—bouillon made of somebody's extract of beef, coffee made in a patent pot, cake raised with prepared yeast, and so on. The Chinese display of things edible is tardy, but it promises to be one of the most interesting and surprising features of the exhibition.

It is instructive to read that in St. Louis there used to be a metaphysical club, "at whose meetings the keen lightning of American thought cut the blue air of German mysticism."

It is claimed that from the verandas of the summer residences on the eastern slope of the Orange Mountains "the most-inhabited landscape in America" can be seen. Within the limit that can be easily swept by the naked eye the population is probably more than two millions.

Petitions numerously signed by residents of Berlin have been presented to the municipal and police authorities praying that the intolerable nuisance created by piano pupils may be abated. It is set forth that much suffering is brought upon invalids, that all forms of nervous diseases especially are aggravated, and that the value of real estate is depreciated. The petitioners ask that a municipal ordinance be made restricting the time of piano playing and practicing to the periods between 11 A.M. and 12 M., and between 8 and 11 P.M.

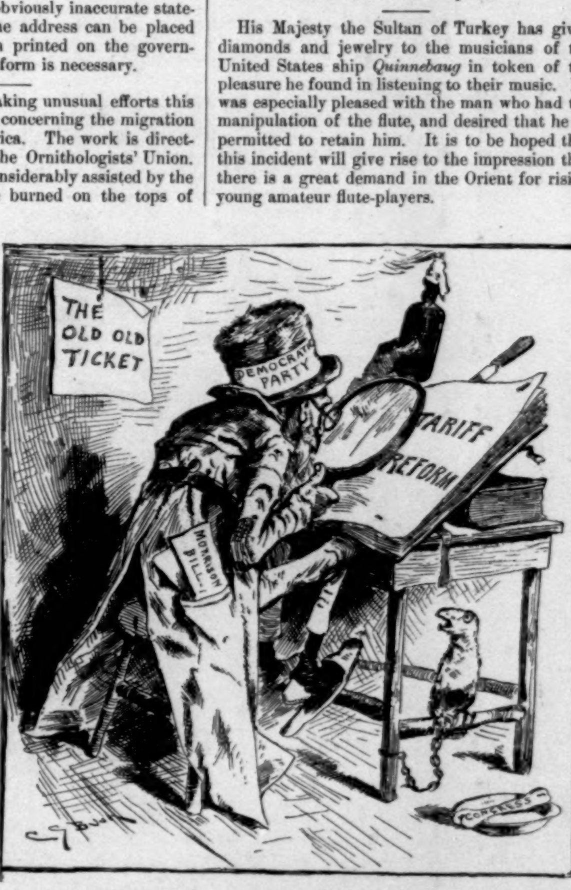
All the law-making ability in the towns of Texas is devoted to devising regulations for curbing the noisy tendencies of the engineers of locomotives.

The season for going to sleep on the roofs of five-story tenement-houses and rolling off has opened. Nothing will sufficiently warn those who want to sleep on house-tops.

The President is said to be the first occupant of the White House in many years to give the moral support and encouragement of his presence to the concerts of the Marine Band on the White House grounds on Saturday evenings.

Mr. Elliott, actuary at the Treasury Department in Washington, carries a watch with a five-fingered hour-hand which seems to be exactly suited to keeping the time of the several divisions under the new railway system. The hand was put in under his direction in 1878, nearly five years before the new standard was adopted.

His Majesty the Sultan of Turkey has given diamonds and jewelry to the musicians of the United States ship *Quinnebaug* in token of the pleasure he found in listening to their music. He was especially pleased with the man who had the manipulation of the flute, and desired that he be permitted to retain him. It is to be hoped that this incident will give rise to the impression that there is a great demand in the Orient for rising young amateur flute-players.



YE ANTE-QUERRY.

Democratic Party. "Whatever is T-a-r-i-f-f R-e-f-o-r-m?"
The Bird. "A metaphor-metaphor."

THE PHRENOLOGIST AT BLACKVILLE.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.

"Dis young gemmun am a born poet. Ideality consumes nearly de entire skull."

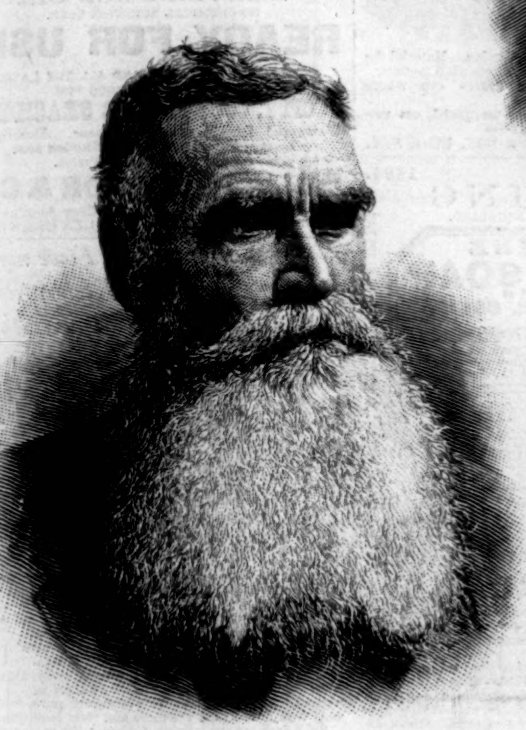
BISHOP BRADLEY.

The Rev. Denis M. Bradley, the newly appointed Roman Catholic Bishop of Manchester, New Hampshire, was born in Ireland in 1846, and came to this country when he was eight years of age. His widowed mother settled in Manchester, where she still resides. After a careful school and collegiate education he entered the St. Joseph Theological Seminary at Troy, New York, and was ordained priest in 1871. In 1880 he became pastor of St. Joseph's Church in the city where he will now reside as the first bishop of the diocese. He is a man of fine executive abilities, an eloquent and earnest preacher, and is greatly beloved for his kindness and charities.

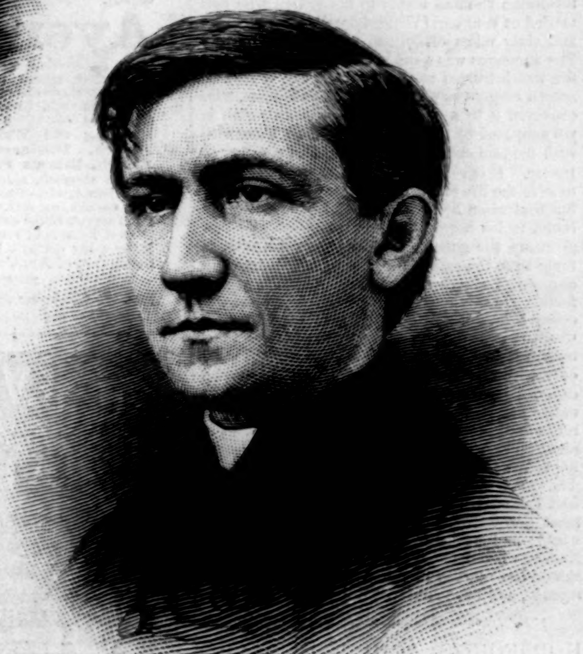
BISHOP WORTHINGTON.

The Rev. George Worthington, D.D., whom the Nebraska Diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church recently elected Bishop of that State, was born in Massachusetts in 1842, was educated in New York, graduating from Hobart College in 1860, and three years later from the General Theological Seminary in New York. His diaconate was passed in the ministry at Troy, New York, where he remained a year and a half. His first parish was at Balston Spa, and there he remained until 1868, when, at the age of twenty-six years, he was called to St. John's parish in Detroit, Michigan. His ministry there was characterized by deeds of Christian charity, and his untiring, unceasing labors for his congregation and the community. "He has been a constant minister at the bedside of suffering," says the Detroit *Free Press*, "and off in the northeasterly portion of the city there are thousands of the poor and lowly to whom the name of Dr. Worthington is synonymous with that Christian charity that is known by unrecorded acts."

BISHOP WORTHINGTON.—Phot. by Randall.



BISHOP TAYLOR.—Photographed by Gutekunst.



BISHOP BRADLEY.—Photographed by Piper.

BISHOP TAYLOR.

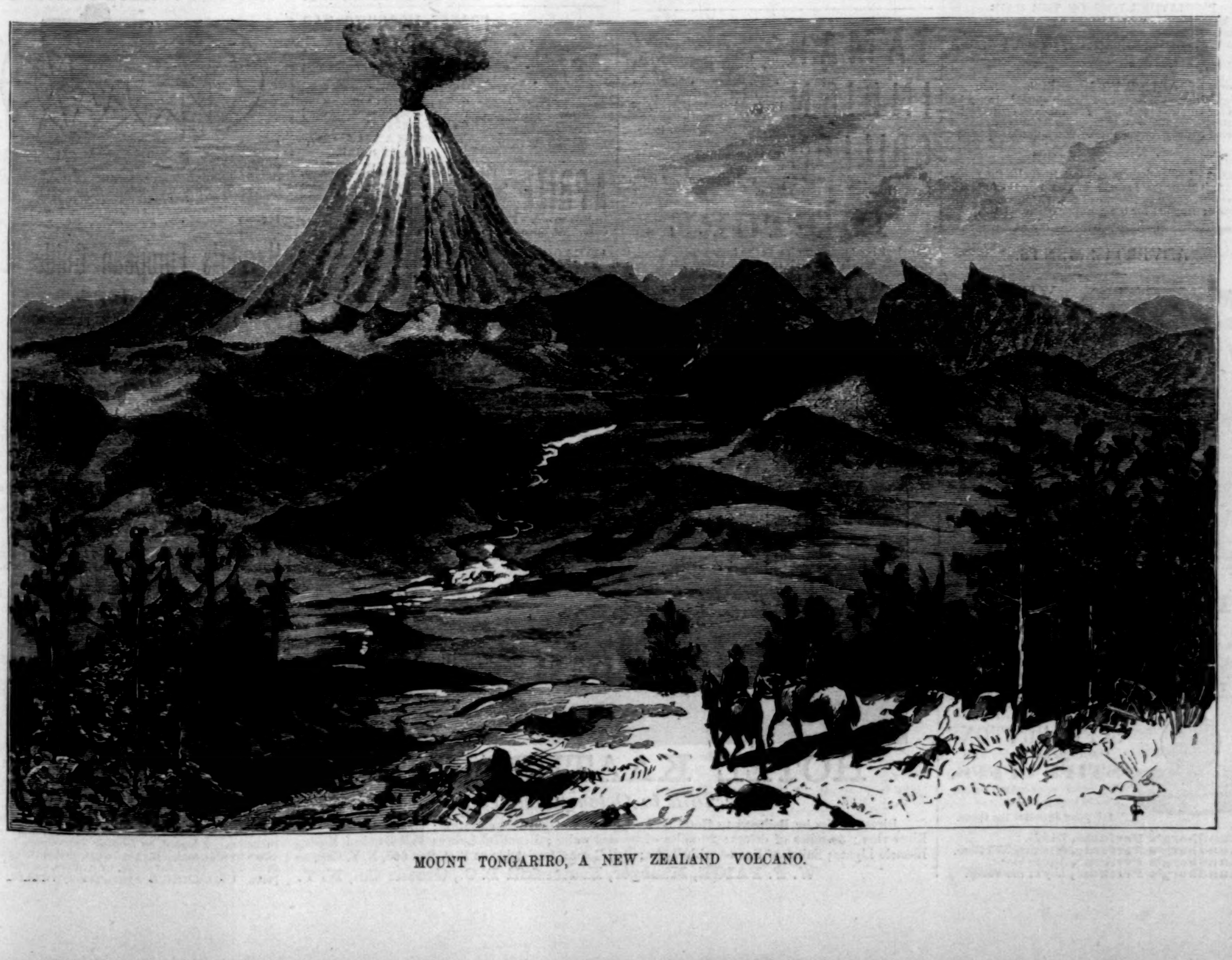
Dr. William Taylor, recently elected Missionary Bishop for Africa, is well known throughout the Methodist Church as one of its most zealous and successful workers. He was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, and is sixty-three years of age. In his twenty-second year he joined the Baltimore Conference, and after six years' service on the circuit he was sent by the Missionary Society to San Francisco, where he labored over seven years. He then travelled at large as an evangelist for five years, in the Eastern States and Canada, after which he went on a revival tour through Australia, and thence all over the Old World.

Toward the close of 1870 he went to India, and after laboring in various places for a year and a half, went to Bombay, where he engaged actively in the work of founding self-supporting missions, and in less than four years established churches in Bombay, Poonah, Calcutta, Madras, Bangalore, etc. That work has spread nearly all over the Indian Empire, and has organically developed into the South India Conference, which supports fifty ministers and their families, and is the only purely self-supporting foreign Conference in the Church.

Dr. Taylor reports also a self-supporting educational and evangelizing work in Central and South America, employing forty-three preachers and teachers.

THE LEGEND OF TONGARIRO.

In the northern island of New Zealand rises the stupendous volcano called by the natives Tongariro. Besides the physical difficulties in the way of an ascent of its precipitous and rugged sides, there is one almost as formidable in the



MOUNT TONGARIRO, A NEW ZEALAND VOLCANO.

fact that the natives hold the mountain to be sacred, and access to it by foreigners is rigorously opposed.

The legend is that when the first Maori settlement took place on the shores of the island there was among the dusky adventurers a chief who bore the title of Ngatoroirangi, a name which signifies in the Maori mythology a high-priest or deified man. After the natives had formed a settlement at Maketu, Ngatoroirangi was to set out, in company with his slave Ngauruhoe, to explore the new land. Striking into the interior, he crossed the plain of Taupo, and then along the lake, into which he cast his staff, which thereupon became a great totara-tree. He also shook his mat over the waters, and from the strips which fell from it sprang the "inanga," a small fish which now abounds in the lake. It was dark and stormy when Ngatoroirangi came to the lake; but suddenly the clouds broke, and he beheld for the first time the giant form of Tongariro. With the keen instincts of a beaven-born explorer, the chief resolved to ascend the great mountain, in order to get a better view of the surrounding country; but the snow was deep, and the ice-bound summit of Tongariro was too much for the adventurous travellers, fresh from the sunny islands of the South Seas. Alarmed at the unpleasant prospect of being frozen to death, Ngatoroirangi shouted lustily to his sisters, who had tarried at Whakari (White Island), some hundred and sixty miles distant, to send him some fire. The summons was quickly obeyed, and the sacred fire was intrusted to the hands of two taniwhas, named respectively Te Pupu and Te Haeata, who conveyed it by a subterranean channel, which is yet supposed by the natives to connect Tongariro with the still active volcanic island in the Bay of Plenty. It is related that the fire arrived in time to save the life of the adventurous Ngatoroirangi, but that when he turned to comfort his slave, he found to his horror that his trusty follower had given up the ghost. At this juncture Ngatoroirangi took the sacred fire, and casting it into the crater of Tongariro, the subterranean fires burst forth. On this account Ngatoroirangi named the crater Ngauruhoe in honor of his slave, a term by which it is generally known by the natives even unto this day. The great mountain chief, however, with its surrounding cones, is more usually called Tongariro—a word which means, in the native language, "toward the south"—and it is a remarkable fact, as showing the significant nomenclature of the Maoris, that the compass bearing of the great mountain is as nearly as possible due north and south. There can be no doubt that Tongariro is one of the largest, grandest, and most perfect volcanic cones of its kind in the world; and it is little wonder, therefore, that the Maoris, when gazing upon its mysterious fires, should have linked its name with their songs and legends, and have rendered it a sacred object.

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